New Statesman

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# WINDSCALE
## The Cancer Risk

British exploitation in the Philippines ● Fred Halliday on the Russian 'threat' ● Mary Holland on Gerry Adams

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**New Statesman**

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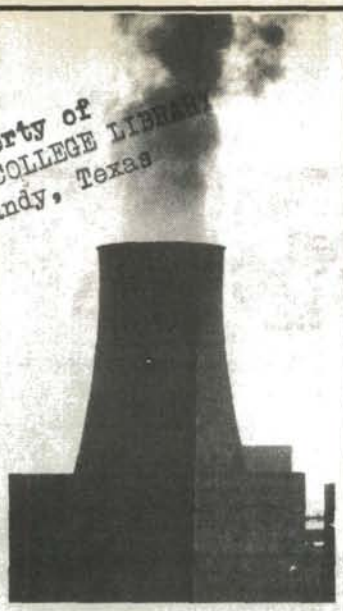

Cover photo: Martin Bond

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New Statesman

Vol 106 No 2748 18 November 1983

# Will Denktash get away with it?

AFTER Rauf Denktash's unilateral declaration of independence on Tuesday, the American government said that 'we received the news of the Turkish Cypriot action with surprise and dismay'. Really? President Reagan is scarcely in a strong moral position to express dismay at the use of illegal unilateral action to achieve political goals in these post-Grenada days.

Moreover, although the US Administration has joined in the international chorus of protest, it was conspicuously unwilling in advance to make it clear to the Turkish community in Cyprus, through the Turkish government, that the action which Denktash has been threatening for some time would be unacceptable and would have serious consequences.

Even after the event, the Administration's reaction has fallen well short of that demanded by congressional opinion. In the House of Representatives, Congressmen have proposed a cut-off of US aid to all countries that recognise the Turkish-Cypriot state. In the Senate, the Foreign Relations Committee unanimously adopted a resolution calling on Reagan to act 'with urgency and determination' to reverse the UDI.

The President will, of course, do nothing of the sort. Turkey is a crucial part of American military strategy. So long as the regime offers potential missile sites and facilities for the Rapid Deployment Force, anything goes. Following a recent visit to Washington by the Turkish defence minister, Haluk Bayulken, the Administration quietly confirmed that in its next budget it will substantially increase military grants to Turkey, compensate for the cuts in the present budget which Turkey's critics in Congress have imposed, and allow Turkey to pay less for American-made F-16 aircraft than had been anticipated.

It was in this favourable climate that Denktash chose to act. His UDI was carefully timed. It came only hours after President Reagan had signed into law the Bill financing US assistance to Turkey for the current year. It preceded the installation of the new 'civilian' government in Ankara and was clearly intended to pre-empt Western pressure on the new Prime Minister, Turgut Ozal, for concessions on Cyprus. Denktash obviously decided that the American reaction would be confined to pious words.

He has every reason to believe this, just as he can be sure that Britain will do little to honour its obligations under the 1960 treaty guaranteeing Cyprus's independence and territorial integrity. The British government will take its lead from Washington, just as it did in 1974 when Jim Callaghan preferred to please Henry Kissinger by doing nothing than to seek to prevent Nicos Sampson's coup and the Turkish invasion which swiftly followed it. Lord Caradon, himself a former governor of Cyprus, said after the 1974 partition that 'all the evil subsequently flowed from that decision, taken under United States influence, to let it run. Everything else piled up like a traffic accident in fog'. Nine years on, the debris is still blocking the road. □

# A turbulent priest

HUMBUGGERY HAS ALWAYS been a vice of politicians. Since last Sunday, the general secretary of CND has been on the receiving end of a predictably large dose of it. That Monsignor Bruce Kent seems to have been unaware quite how his remarks to the Communist Party's congress would be treated by the likes of Mr John Gummer, Sir John Biggs-Davison and the *Daily Mail* is a measure of the fact that he, for one, is neither a politician, nor a humbug.

It is also typical of the way in which the government has chosen to handle the whole issue of nuclear disarmament that another opportunity is seized to try character assassination of those who oppose the government, while the arguments and the facts involved are avoided. The grounds on which the unelected puppet chosen by Mrs Thatcher as the post-Parkinson chairman of the Tory Party feels able to make *ex cathedra* statements about Bruce Kent are not at all obvious. But to issue an official statement describing a man of Kent's obvious intelligence and transparent integrity as 'either congenitally confused or purposely blind' is gutter talk. None of the Tory or press critics who have pounced gleefully on Kent in these last few days has thought it necessary even for a moment to take on the *substance* of what he said to the assembled Communist delegates.

There is only one bar, other than his own conscience, before which Bruce Kent has to answer. He is a loyal and believing cleric in an authoritarian and hierarchical church. So he is properly required to give an account of himself to Cardinal Hume. For the rest, he should be ready to rely on the defence that he has already adopted against his critics – that of setting out the facts plainly and without favour.

What are those facts that Gummer and the *Mail* (and now it seems even some recent converts to CND itself) pretend to find so shocking? CND is an organisation dedicated to unilateral nuclear disarmanent by the United Kingdom. There is no secret or conspiracy about that. It also now happens to be the official policy of the Opposition. CND and its general secretary have also been prominent in the wider campaign to prevent cruise missiles coming to this country and have wanted progress in the nuclear weapons negotiations being conducted by the Americans and the Russians in Geneva.

It is scarcely surprising that the British Communist Party should also support these positions, or that individual members of the Communist Party should be prominent and active in CND. Indeed, all of this is openly published fact. And Bruce Kent is simply stating a fact when he says that the Communist Party is the only political party in this country consistently to have supported unilateralism. Only someone who is congenitally confused or purposely blind could be surprised to find that a number of those who have been in the van of CND's long march have political views that are to the left of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Bruce Kent's acknowledging that without their perseverance CND might have ceased to exist may not be what a professional politician would do. But it is an honest thing to have done. □



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# British deal could help Argentina build A-bomb

ALMOST UNNOTICED, Britain has been involved in a nuclear deal which could help Argentina develop the capacity to build an atomic bomb. Before the Falklands war, the British government was trying to sell over 100 tonnes of heavy water, a vital nuclear ingredient, to Argentina. After war broke out, Britain hastily sold the material to West Germany, knowing full well that the Germans would probably re-sell it to Argentina. They have now done so.

Heavy water is an essential component of the type of natural uranium-fuelled nuclear reactors used in Argentina and a few other countries. It acts as a 'moderator' of the fission reaction, transforming uranium into plutonium, which can be used in atomic weapons. India, for example, used plutonium from a 14-megawatt heavy water research reactor to set off its 1974 nuclear explosion in the Rajasthan desert.

In the 1960s America sold West Germany 143 tonnes of heavy water (deuterium), 105 tonnes of which were used in the 50 megawatt MZFR power reator at Karlsruhe, the remaining 38 tonnes being used in a small FR2 research reactor. Disillusion with these reactors caused West Germany in 1976 to conclude an agreement to sell an option on the material in MZFR to Britain's Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB).

Britain at that time was developing the Steam Generating Heavy Water Reactor (SGHWR) as a possible basis for a third nuclear power programme. After the SGHWR was unceremoniously abandoned in 1978, the CEGB sought another buyer for its heavy water; Argentina was the obvious customer.

With the 105 tonnes of British heavy water still in West Germany, and the West German industry anxious to get rid of its 38 tonnes, the British and West German governments teamed up to persuade America to allow all 143 tonnes to be sold to Argentina. This was necessary as America only sold the heavy water in the first place on the condition that it would not be retransferred without US permission.

The British and German request was made via the Euratom Supply Agency towards the end of 1981. After taking several months to decide on its policy, the US administration was inclined to approve the deal. In the words of one US official closely involved, the British and West German governments gained a 'legitimate expectation' that authorisation would be given.

Then, however, just after the US government had received the assurances it had requested from Argentina, the Argentinians invaded the Falklands Islands. 'We joked about whether we should ask Her Majesty's Government to escort the material to Argentina with the task force,' recalled the US official. 'But after a few days the British government requested that the matter be suspended and we just went to sleep on it.'

The CEGB, in the words of a senior British official involved, approached West Germany to 'take the bloody stuff off us'. By the end of 1982 the CEGB had negotiated away its obligation to purchase the heavy water under terms which are unlikely to have been financially very favourable.

The West Germans doubtless only accepted the material back in the knowledge that US authorisation for the sale to Argentina was probable. In February this year they reactivated the request for US permission, and on 2 August President Reagan finally gave approval for the deal.

The British nuclear industry and government saw their manoeuvre, in the words of a US official, as a way of 'washing their hands of the whole business'. But they clearly knew that the heavy water was virtually certain to end up in Argentina. Instead of using their position to delay or prevent the deal, they decided on a course that would minimise political embarrassment, while putting no barriers in the way of Argentina's ambitions.

The Argentinian government has assured the Reagan administration that the heavy water will only be used in reactors subject to international safeguards meant to prevent the diversion of civil material to military use. Argentina also promised that the material would not be used for explosive purposes.

However, by providing essential material for the running of these reactors, the deal leaves the Argentinian atomic energy commission, CNEA, free to make progress towards an independent unsafeguarded nuclear fuel cycle which some analysts feel could be used to develop the bomb. Argentina has at least 60,000 tonnes of indigenous uranium. At present its uranium mines, milling and conversion facilities are not subject to International Atomic Energy Agency safeguards. Its fuel fabrication and reprocessing plants (the latter of which is still under construction) are only subject to safeguards when they are processing already safeguarded material.

Crucially, as well as a Swiss-built industrial heavy water production plant currently being built under safeguards, CNEA is hoping soon to operate its own small pilot heavy water plant. To complete the unsafeguarded fuel cycle, Argentina is planning a large 40-100 megawatt research reactor.

Argentina has consistently refused to sign the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, and has not yet ratified the Treaty of Tlatelolco, which seeks to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons in South America. It has always maintained that it should have the right to develop and use a 'peaceful nuclear explosion' – a concept somewhat difficult to distinguish from a warlike nuclear explosion. It is unlikely that the recently elected radical party under Señor Raol Alfonsin will make any major change in the country's nuclear policy, which has always tended to be bi-partisan.

Informed opinion in America is deeply divided over the Reagan administration's approval of the heavy water deal. On one side are those who feel that it will help improve US/Argentinian relations and thus put the US in a better position to influence Argentina's policy – including nuclear policy. On the other side, experts such as the president of the Nuclear Control Institute in Washington, Paul Leventhal, argue that if the US, or Britain, were to have exercised some leadership and refused to supply Argentina, this could have forced the country's leaders to reappraise their refusal to submit all their nuclear facilities to 'full-scope' safeguards.

There has also been considerable controversy in the US over the failure of the Department of Energy properly to consult the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which is already holding up a series of smaller nuclear-related transactions to Argentina because of proliferation fears.

The debate across the Atlantic is in stark contrast to the lack of reaction in Britain. Much fuss has been made about dealing with Argentina in everything from arms to antique books. Yet when Mrs Thatcher's government collaborates in giving them, if they want it, a weapon that could blow the Falklands out of the sea, there is virtual silence.

**Rob Edwards**

**The Steam Generating Heavy Water Reactor which was abandoned by the CEGB in 1978, leaving it with 105 tonnes of unwanted heavy water**

# Women walk the tightrope

AN UNUSUAL women's circus will be performing at the DHSS headquarters at the Elephant and Castle next Monday: the amazing two-headed household, women juggling with limited resources and women tightrope walkers will entertain puzzled staff on their way to work.

On the same day, the government introduces changes to the social security system in line with EEC law on equality. But Rights of Women, a collective of feminist legal workers, say that many women will not get the benefit.

Rada Gungaloo, a ROW worker, says there are some significant improvements for women but 'the government is introducing these long overdue changes on the cheap and at the expense of married women who are disabled themselves or looking after a disabled person'.



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The small steps forward are:

- married women in paid employment will be able to claim Family Income Supplement;
- women receiving unemployment, sickness or invalidity benefits will be able to claim an allowance for their dependants;
- a woman living with a man, married or unmarried, may claim supplementary benefit for the couple if she meets certain conditions.

But the improvements are so hedged around with conditions that they may serve merely to complicate the already maze-like structure of social security benefits.

One of the new stricter conditions for Supplementary Benefit is that the claimant must have been available for work for the last six months. This will exclude women who have been looking after children or who never bothered to sign on because they didn't expect to receive benefit. Women who do paid work of less than eight hours a week are also excluded.

Rights of Women argue that some of the cruellest forms of discrimination remain in spite of the 'reforms'. At present, a disabled married woman has to pass a degrading test to qualify for an invalidity pension. She has to prove to the DHSS that she is unable to perform her household duties.

One woman who was suffering from a lung disease applied for an invalidity pension when she was living alone and got it. Recently she started living with a man and was made to take the household disability test. When the DHSS inspector found that she could unscrew sauce bottles, her pension was taken away.

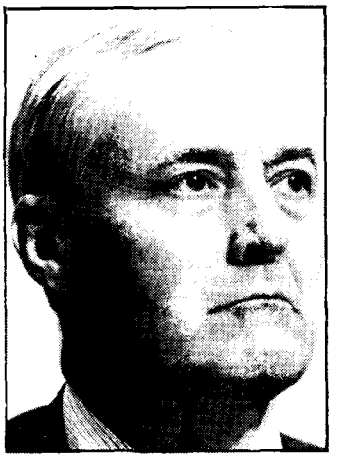
It seems to be an unwritten assumption at the DHSS that caring for others is the natural, unpaid role of the married woman. Men and single women get the Invalid Care Allowance if they care for a disabled person: married and cohabiting women do not.

The government argues that both of these benefits fall outside the EEC directive. It also says that to extend the Invalid Care Allowance to married women would cost £60m, which it isn't prepared to pay.

The existing social security system, which was exempted from the provisions of the 1975 Sexual Discrimination Act, is based on assumptions that deny women the right to an independent income. One such assumption is that the couple is the unit of assessment. So the notorious cohabitation rule remains after 21 November, and sex snoopers will continue to pry into peoples' lives.

Another assumption, expressed in the specific discrimination against married women, is that women only work for pin money. Yet, as the DHSS itself has pointed out, if women didn't work, five times more families would be living under the bread-line.

**Dorothy Wade**



**Tony Benn: seat kept hot for him . . .**

# Chesterfield seat is no sofa

IF TONY BENN does fight the Chesterfield by-election, he might find the going tougher than he thinks. The day before Eric Varley announced his decision to vacate this normally safe Labour seat a district by-election took place in one of the seat's few Tory wards. It came as no surprise that the Conservatives held the ward; but Labour's vote fell by two-thirds compared with last May, and the party's candidate came a poor third behind the Liberals, who did not even field a candidate six months ago.

The result of last week's election in Walton ward (May 1983 figures in brackets) was: Conservative 785 (1,476), Liberal 590 (−), Labour 201 (611).

In another poor result for Labour, the SDP gained a seat in Newcastle upon Tyne. But otherwise Labour is generally gaining ground, and there are signs of Conservative support slipping. For example, in the London borough of Havering four by-elections were held in normally safe Conservative wards. While the Tories held on in all four, Labour came within 11 votes of winning one, and rose from third to second place in two.

A fuller analysis of local by-election trends will appear at the end of the month.

**Peter Kellner**

**. . . by Eric Varley?**

*Both photos: Camera Press*

# MISCELLANY

## English lesson

Sir David English, editor of the *Daily Mail*, conducted an impressively toadying interview with the Prime Minister last week, but he really must call the rest of his paper to order. It was the *Mail*, after all, which splashed the news that 94 per cent of Britons wanted dual control over cruise. *Not* very helpful. On Tuesday this week there was another blunder. The *Mail's* editorial began: 'The first American cruise missiles are here on British soil. Nobody in his or her right mind is going to cheer that news.' Alas! The front page of the same paper reported that 'Michael Heseltine announced the arrival to Tory cheers'.

## Socially diseased

The Young Liberals may not be able to do anything about the Liberal-SDP leadership, but they have developed a good line in insults. The SDP is even more hated in the YLs than in the Labour Party, and is never referred to by its real name. Instead it is known as the Socially Diseased Party or the Sainsbury (David) Party, in honour of its chief benefactor, recently revealed by Labour Research as the man with the highest income (£4.8 million in 1981/82) in the country. The Liberal leadership is also under fairly constant verbal assault. For example, no sooner had David Steel's right-hand person, Richard Holme (known to the YLs as Tricky Dicky and to the readers of the *Guardian* letter page as the secretary of the non-party-political Campaign for Fair Votes, which is campaigning, entirely disinterestedly, for Proportional Representation) set up the Liberals' campaign for the next election, known as Victory '88, than the YLs dubbed it Column 88. Nothing has been heard of it since.

## Andy blows his top

Following a series of resignations and what has been described as a period of 'acute unhappiness' at the *Sunday Times* since he took over, it seems that new editor Andrew 'Two Chauffeurs' Neil has now taken to rewriting television reviews of programmes he has not seen. A four-paragraph preview of John Pilger's documentary *Nicaragua*, written by Peter Dunn, began by saying that 'nobody can fault John Pilger's causes but why does he pursue them in such a boot-faced way? Even so, his Nicaragua programme is devastating . . .' Dunn went on to praise the film and describe its content.

When Andrew Neil saw the review he, as one source has it, 'blew his top and went into that bone-headed, instinctively right-wing rage which he often adopts'. The first paragraph was turned into a diatribe against Pilger, referring to him as the 'Speak your Grievance Machine of television. Aiming, no doubt, for an air of detachment, he often appears mechanically censorious, the stare of constipated disapproval somehow dehumanising the awfulness of so much human wickedness'. In the conclusion to the piece, the epithet 'left-wing' was applied to Pilger, a description not in Dunn's original.

Neil justified his actions by saying that the 'Screen' page contained 'too many kinds of programmes only a very small number of people watch'. (Pilger's programmes have consistently been high in the ratings.) He later asked if he was editing the *Sunday Times* or *Time Out*, and altered a description of Pilger from 'reporter' to 'campaigner', although this didn't appear in the final article.

As one *Sunday Times* writer says, 'it's an arrogance and pettiness which is beginning to permeate the building. I've seen people broken, destroyed. Brutality and tactlessness have become the key words, together with a standard which the *Sunday Times* would not have tolerated in the past.' When we rang 'Two Chauffeurs' for a comment, we were told he was unavailable.

## Old pals' act

A final note on 'Two Chauffeurs' (for the time being, at least). The

leader page of last week's *Sunday Times* carried a long feature attacking the 'Luddite' workers at British Telecom. It was written by 'an American expert, Irwin Stelzer'. Who's he? As we revealed here on 1 July, Dr Irwin Mark Stelzer (to give him his full handle) is a free marketeer from Colorado who was until recently the business partner of Andrew Neil.



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# Surgeon denies clash of interest in hospitals

A DISTRICT Health Authority in East London is tightening up its Code of Conduct because one of its members applied to buy shares in a private hospital group.

David Jeremiah, an orthopaedic surgeon at Whipps Cross Hospital in Walthamstow, applied to buy shares in the company Third Independent, and later joined other members of Waltham Forest District Health Authority in voting in a session closed to the public to close four hospitals.

Jeremiah said he applied to buy shares in Third Independent by purchasing 500 nominal shares at one penny each. He did so because medical colleagues associated with the company suggested he might be a suitable director. Third Independent has been trying to find a site for its hospital for over two years.

Despite claims from Third Independent that it would gain business as NHS cuts began to take effect, Jeremiah did not tell his DHA colleagues of his application for shares when he voted to close Harts Hospital and the Lugano Nursing Home, and to issue consultation papers about the closure of Jubilee and Forest Hospitals. All four are in one of the areas where Third Independent wants to build its private hospital.

Third Independent agrees that it has had considerable difficulty in finding a suitable site for its 50-bed hospital. Several planning applications have been turned down, and one is likely to go to appeal. One of the doomed NHS hospitals, Jubilee, has 47 beds; the Community Health Council believes that if it is sold, Third Independent will be a possible buyer.

Jeremiah said he had no 'clash of interest' when serving on the DHA and would not be buying shares in Third Independent when they become available. He said his interest in the company had lapsed because his nominal one penny shares had a time limit which has now run out.

But Jack Berkin, Third Independent's managing director, said the date had been extended because of the problems of finding land. He did not know how many of the nominal shareholders still wanted to be associated with the scheme.

He explained that nominal shares gave the buyer the option of investing in real shares when the company finds a site to buy. He revealed that the 80 prospective investors included doctors, consultants and administrators in the NHS.

Carolyn Clark of Waltham Forest Community Health Council said the decisions at the DHA 'made a nonsense of any notion of democracy'. The planned closures 'would create increased demand for private medicine and provide ideal sites for a private hospital, yet no one was asked to declare an interest'.

**Peter Lang**

# Union wary of duty-free ports

LOCAL AUTHORITIES which have applied for the status of 'freeports' could be asked by the transport union to reconsider their position.

At the end of last month local councils and port authorities fell over each other in trying to convince the government that they should become freeports. A freeport is a specially designated industrial zone where incoming goods are exempt from customs duties, and in his last budget the then Chancellor, Sir Geoffrey Howe, announced his intention of setting up a limited number of them. About 40 local authorities have applied so far.

Suspicions about this Tory brainchild have been bubbling away for some time in the trade union movement, and last weekend a conference in Liverpool – organised by War on Want and the North-West region of the Transport and General Workers' Union – gave voice to these misgivings.

Alex Kitson, deputy general secretary of the T&G, said he feared freeports would merely become bastions for the multinationals in the UK. He also thought unions could be barred from them, as the Adam Smith Institute had hinted.

He referred to an Adam Smith report which said that strikes could become illegal in freeports. He compared them to Enterprise Zones – which, it is now recognised, have not been a spectacular success. 'They just transfer jobs into the zones at the cost of the workers outside,' he said.

T&G President Walter Greendale said freeports could be used as an excuse to reduce workers' wages. Both he and Kitson were speaking in a personal capacity, but pledged to take the issue up nationally.

However, the union will have to come to terms with the fact that freeports offer jobs, even if on a rather spurious basis, and jobs are in short supply at the moment. As one docker told the conference: 'Where I come from on the Cantril Farm Estate 75 per cent of the people are unemployed. They're not going to turn their noses up at work, however badly paid.' But the conference agreed that local councils and other bodies which have applied for freeport status should be asked to take trade union views into account.

Stuart Howard, from the journal *International Labour Reports*, described how freeports in the Third World are used by multinationals as part of a global factory which operates at the expense of workers everywhere. Most of the workers in the Third World's Free Trade Zones are young women, and all receive appallingly low wages.

Two invited workers from Free Trade Zones in the Philippines and Sri Lanka talked about their experiences. The Filipino described how workers were hosed down and shot at with tear gas while on strike over union recognition; the Sri Lankan said that there was not a single trade union member in a zone containing 25,000 women.

**Caroline Grist**

**Free trade zone in the Philippines: young women on low wages**

# Quaking with fear on the fault line

LAST WEEK'S major earthquake at Liege in Belgium has raised concern over the safety of two nuclear power stations in South East England. Reactors at Bradwell in Essex and Dungeness in Kent are believed to lie on or close to the same geological fault zone that caused the Belgian tremor.

Earthquake experts Dr Charles Melville and Dr Robert Muir Wood have recently pointed out that there have been at least three large quakes in the area in the past.

The first was in 1382 when the examination of Wycliffe for heresy at Blackfriars was interrupted by a violent shaking of the ground and the bell-tower of Canterbury cathedral was destroyed.

The second was in 1580 and badly damaged buildings in London and churches on the Kent coast, killing at least two people. It extended 100km into France and Belgium felling many more buildings and killing or injuring many people.

The third – one of the most destructive in British history – took place around Colchester in April 1884, causing extensive damage to churches, two or three of which had to be rebuilt from their foundations. It is thought that the epicentre of this quake was very close indeed to where the Bradwell nuclear power station is now sited.

The Central Electricity Generating Board (CEGB) took little interest in possible seismic hazards until a major tremor shook Carlisle on boxing day in 1979. Because of concern at that incident and in view of the Sizewell B public inquiry (currently in progress), the Board began sponsoring research into the problem. A spokesman told *New Statesman* that it was impossible to say whether Bradwell or Dungeness were close to the fault zone, but that in any case they would withstand an earthquake like that in Belgium.

Other experts are less dogmatic. The Government's watchdog, the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate, has highlighted the hazards presented by earthquakes as one of the areas where it is not yet satisfied with the CEGB's design for Sizewell B.

The Belgium earthquake occurred about 30km from a nuclear power station at Tihange run by Intercom. No reports have emerged of any damage there, but anti-nuclear activists in Belgium point out that the station was designed to withstand a tremor registering up to 7 on the Richter scale. 'Last week's quake registered about 5 on the scale', said one, 'so perhaps it was all right – this time.'

**Rob Edwards**



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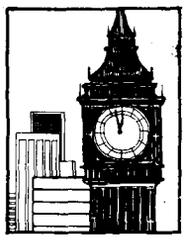

**PETER KELLNER,** Political Editor

# An alternative history for Tony Benn

*Last Monday's* Guardian *carried a 'history' by Tony Benn of what happened in Britain in the mid-1980s. He got it slightly wrong.*

TONY BENN'S re-election to Parliament in March 1984 was eagerly awaited.

Labour's party managers had tried to diffuse the impact of Benn's campaign by holding four by-elections on the same day – Chesterfield and the three constituencies whose MPs had been sent to the Lords to add to Labour's group of 'working peers'. But, of course, the appetite of Fleet Street news editors for people rather than issues (and for national bogeys rather than local worthies) meant that Benn's was *the* campaign, and Benn *the* issue.

On election night Benn claimed his result as a great victory – not for him personally, he stressed, but for socialism and for the people of the constituency. He had lifted Labour's share of the vote back above 50 per cent. His supporters were jubilant. 'What we've shown y'know', Benn told Vincent Hanna on BBC-2's results programme, 'is that when y'give ordinary people a clear explanation of what Labour's policies really are, y'get a big response.'

In the excitement of the night's events, few people noticed that Benn had, in fact, achieved the lowest swing to Labour of any of the four by-elections.

Still, Benn was back. Some Labour MPs thought he looked older than when he was last in the Commons, just ten months earlier. But when he spoke, his voice was as clear as ever. It was not his capacity to deliver a lucid, well-constructed speech that had changed; it was something else. In the past he had aroused his supporters, and occasionally worried his opponents, with his skill at couching anger in moderate tones. The moderation remained, but the anger was less convincing.

In part Benn's problem was that the mood among Labour MPs had changed. Apart from a tiny number, they now expressed unstinting support for the party's new leadership. Little scope remained for alternative opposition on Labour's back benches.

Privately, though, some MPs retained substantial doubts. On one occasion, after Neil Kinnock had given a below-par performance at Prime Minister's Question Time, one Labour MP told a journalist in a late-night conversation in Annie's Bar: 'Tony would never have let Thatcher walk all over him like that. How different it would be if *he* stood at the despatch box instead of that Welsh windbag.'

The next morning the *Daily Mail* led its front page with a story under the headline 'BENN PLOT TO OUST KINNOCK'. The story itself was more circumspect than the headline: close reading showed that the paper had no evidence to implicate Benn himself and the MPs supposed to be organising the 'plot' remained conveniently anonymous.

In reality Benn had already decided not to challenge either Neil Kinnock or Roy Hattersley for their jobs. Kinnock's position was unassailable; discussion centred on Hattersley's role. One or two of the people gathered at Benn's house in Holland Park at the crucial meeting one April Sunday morning believed Hattersley could be beaten in a new deputy leadership ballot, but they soon found themselves isolated, and their arithmetic discredited.

The group devoted more time to two different questions. Could Benn do significantly better than Michael Meacher a year earlier and so restore something of the Left's position within the party? And could the party afford another deputy leadership contest, or would it so enfeeble Labour that the prize itself became worthless?

AFTER FOUR hours of heated argument the pragmatists won. In part, tactics determined the outcome. For Benn to gain union votes, he would need to announce his candidacy almost immediately – so his supporters could work on delegates to the union conferences which were concentrated in the period May to July. But right in the middle of that period, on 14 June, would come the elections to the European Parliament. Benn did not want to become a scapegoat for a poor result.

Looking back now, it is clear that that meeting was decisive for Labour's Left. In the past, Benn's actions had provided a common focus for groups whose natural temperament normally kept them apart. Between 1979 and 1983 the phenomenal energy that Benn devoted to his campaigns provided the glue that, for a while, held the Left together. The opposite decision – *not* to campaign against the leadership – removed that glue. The pieces that comprised the Left quickly fell apart.

For those who followed these things closely, the break-up soon became apparent. The fact that Benn had decided not to oppose Hattersley – and that the impending Euro-elections provided part of the reason for his decision – provoked widely differing reactions. *Militant* considered Benn to be tactically correct: the time had not yet come for the Left to take on the party machine; and the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy feared that, if the Left stirred up the leadership issue, the Right might retaliate by seeking to revise the leadership electoral college and the process of reselecting Labour candidates.

*London Labour Briefing*, *Socialist Organiser* and *Labour Herald* took a different view. They felt that the Left could only recover if it seized every chance to fight back against the Right. They announced the formation of a new umbrella group, 'New Keep Left', to plan a fresh strategy. (*Tribune* said little at the time: just a passing reference in John Silkin's weekly column.)

For the next two years, the jostling on the Left received sporadic coverage in the media. Reporting, when it occurred, consisted in equal measures of amusement, incomprehension and contempt. Even the *Daily Mail* could only rarely find much in what happened with which to frighten its readers. Instead it concentrated its attack on Kinnock and Hattersley – more than once vainly devoting considerable journalistic resources trying to uncover some minor 'scandal'.

Throughout this period Benn remained aloof from the Left's internal battles. Hopes lingered that one day he might again provide a focus for a united assault on Labour's Right. These hopes finally vanished in the events that followed the disintegration of the Social Democrats in the autumn of 1986. Thirty-five SDP members resigned in protest at the way the party's rump had been merged with the Liberals. The 35 promptly applied to rejoin the Labour Party.

For once all the groups on Labour's Left were united: the 35 must not be allowed back unless they recanted their views and specifically swore allegiance to Clause IV of Labour's constitution. Tariq Ali, secretary of the Hornsey and Wood Green Labour Party, arranged for 20 signatories to a letter to the *Guardian* arguing that it would be scandalous for Labour to admit people whose views were wholly inconsistent with the party's socialist objectives.

To the consternation of many on the Left, however, Benn declined to lead their campaign. The moment of disillusion occurred when Benn was interviewed by Andrew Neil, the 37-year-old ex-editor of the *Sunday Times*, on Channel Four's midweek current affairs programme. Benn explained that he supported the right of the 35 to rejoin the Labour Party. 'I am opposed to exclusions and expulsions,' he said. 'I believe in a strong, determined, tolerant and broadly-based Labour Party.'

Pausing only to assume his familiar expression of wide-eyed innocence, he added: 'Y'know, I always have.' □



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# British Nuclear Foul-up Limited

**James Cutler describes the making of the controversial TV documentary that punctured the complacency of the nuclear establishment and analyses the responses to the programme**

IN TODAY'S climate of public doubt about and opposition to nuclear power, it's hard to recall the euphoria with which Atomic Energy was first greeted in Britain: 'A-Power: It's Here! In Action! The First Dinners are Cooked!' ran the *Daily Express* headline in 1956 when the Queen threw the switch on the country's first nuclear generated electricity.

Ironically, this ceremony occurred at the Windscale nuclear complex on the Cumbrian coast – now internationally notorious as the source of the largest routine discharges of radioactive pollution from any nuclear installation in the world.

Unlike the early reactors, the Windscale pipeline that, for the last 30 years, has been pumping radioactive effluent from the plant's reprocessing and nuclear weapons operations into the Irish Sea, didn't make the headlines when it started in 1952. Reporting on the pipeline's first six years to a United Nations conference on the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, Windscale's Chief Health Physicist, John Dunster, explained:

> The sea has always been regarded by coastal and seafaring peoples as the ideal place for dumping their waste and this is, of course, a very reasonable and proper attitude. (Almost everything put into the sea is either diluted . . . or broken down . . . or stored harmlessly on the sea-bed.) Most of the objects which ultimately do find their way to the shore are harmless and a considerable source of pleasure to children. Not the least of the attractions of the sea as a dumping ground has been the lack of administrative controls.

The UN conference heard how experiments had shown that it was safe to discharge large quantities of radioactive waste through the Windscale pipeline.

The sceptical Dutch delegate asked why Windscale didn't observe the recommendation of the International Commission on Radiological Protection and reduce its discharges as far as possible even below permissible levels. Dunster's reply was revealing. 'The intention,' he said, 'has been to discharge fairly substantial amounts of radioactivity as part of an organised and deliberate scientific experiment . . . the aims of this experiment would have been defeated if the level of radioactivity discharged had been kept to a minimum.' But he ended with the reassuring prediction 'that there is no reason to suppose that discharges need be increased significantly at all with the development of the (nuclear) power programme'.

In fact, the annual discharge of nuclear waste through Windscale's two-mile pipeline increased more than a hundred times over the next 20 years and the 'deliberate scientific experiment' resulted in widespread low-level radioactive contamination of the Cumbrian coast – an environmental disaster with implications that now threaten the very future of nuclear energy in Britain. While people living around Windscale receive a higher dose of radioactivity from nuclear activities than any other population in the world, John Dunster is today the director of the National Radiological Protection Board – the independent watchdog body supposed to protect the public against radiation hazards.

*On 1 November, ITV-1 transmitted James Cutler's Yorkshire TV documentary* Windscale – the nuclear laundry. *The government was so shocked that the next day it appointed Sir Douglas Black, a former president of the Royal College of Physicians, to enquire into its evidence that Windscale was connected with abnormally high rates of cancer in the local population*

THE 30 DIFFERENT radioactive elements pumped out as a routine part of Windscale's nuclear fuel reprocessing operations behave in the environment in different and sometimes unexpected ways. The element Caesium 137, for example, is carried by currents around the north-west coast of Scotland and can now be measured as far away as Greenland. It is absorbed by fish and, since fish from the Irish Sea are sold all over Britain, gives a small but detectable radiation dose to all of the UK population.

Even more worrying is the behaviour of some of the other elements discharged – like plutonium and americium. Rather than floating off to Greenland, they become readily attached to mud and silt at the bottom of the sea; but instead of staying safely on the sea bed, plutonium-contaminated silt migrates and is washed up on local beaches, accumulating especially in estuaries like the one at Ravenglass. If it finds its way into the body, plutonium is one of the most toxic carcinogens known and remains radioactive for up to 100,000 years. In animal experiments carried out at Karlsruhe in Germany, scientists found it impossible to isolate a dose that was small enough *not* to produce cancer in dogs and rats.

Plutonium and americium from the Windscale pipeline can now be measured throughout the environment of the Cumbrian coast – in fields, in the air, in fish and in shellfish, in sheep and cattle, even in the dust in people's houses. The radioactive pollution has spread over 40 miles to contaminate Scottish estuaries in the Solway Firth.

Watching over this growing problem has been a team of scientists from the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food, with responsibility for monitoring radioactivity in the marine and coastal environment of the Irish Sea. Their attitude to the Windscale waste policy has changed steadily over the years, from early confidence, to increasing private concern over environmental plutonium levels. In 1967, their first report claiming that 'the discharge of radioactive waste in this manner is completely safe' was published to create 'an informed climate of public opinion in which the peaceful uses of nuclear energy may be fully exploited'. Eight years later, the director of MAFF's monitoring programme told a US conference of his growing reservations about Windscale's discharges: 'It is the problem of what sort of legacy one is entitled to leave in the environment to future generations which troubles me perhaps more than anything else.'

TODAY, WITH the radioactive pollution increasingly dispersed throughout the Cumbrian coastal biosphere, MAFF's present monitoring chief, John Hunt, confesses to 'serious concern'. He is quick to acknowledge that his department is putting 'a considerable amount of behind-the-scenes pressure' on Windscale's operators, British

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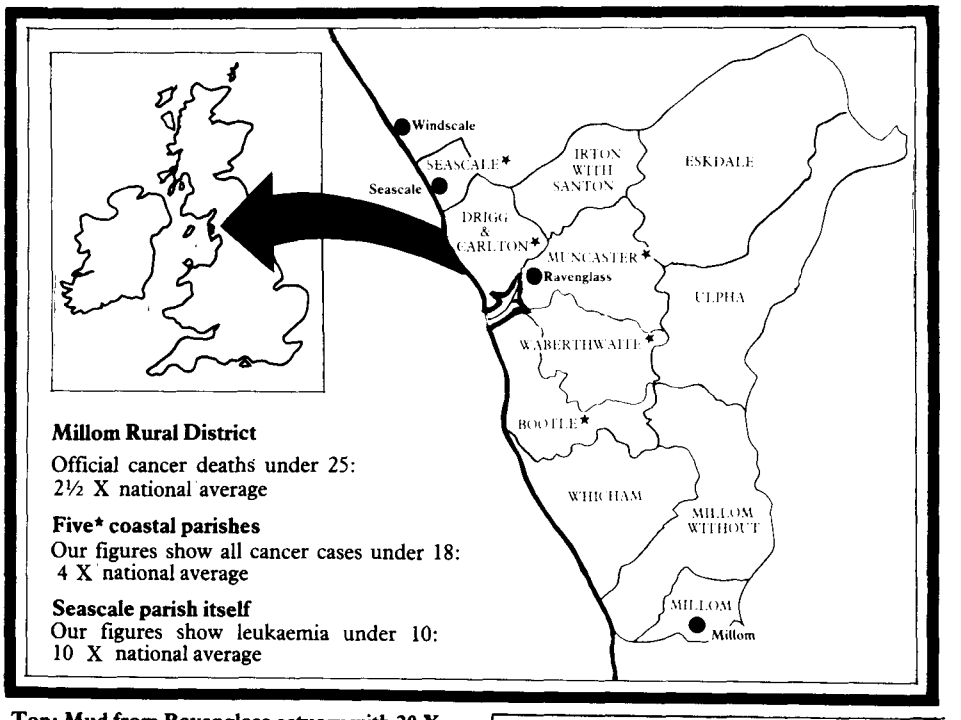
Nuclear Fuels, to reduce radioactive discharges. One reason for this concern is that, despite BNFL's protestations that the *annual* radiation dose to the local public from Windscale's discharges is within the International Commission's recommended limits, for the last eight years the most exposed group has in fact been receiving a dose well above the recommended maximum level for prolonged, or lifetime, exposure.

Moreover, there is increasing scepticism about whether MAFF's monitoring methods cover every possible 'pathway' by which radioactive materials reach humans. Our documentary showed, for the first time, that radioactive elements like plutonium from the estuary mud were now present in house dust taken from nine homes sampled in the coastal villages. Neither MAFF nor the NRPB had ever sampled house dust before. They had chosen to ignore the 1976 report of the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution which specifically recommended that, in the area around Windscale, 'it is necessary to conduct general monitoring of human food, water and air and *the built environment*.'

BNFL, in response to the documentary, has refused to entertain any suggestion that the landward migration of its radioactive waste poses any health risk. It has reassured local people by telling them that they would have to eat 20 lbs of plutonium-contaminated house dust before running any appreciable risk. This is misleading: it ignores the much greater danger from breathing dust in, and the fact that children can absorb up to 100 times more plutonium than adults. The annual inhalation dose limit (for adults) for plutonium can be achieved just by breathing in a few *grammes* of dried silt from Cumbrian estuaries. The most telling 'risk estimate' is that scientists who have studied the levels of radioactive pollution, and who do not hold extreme or even anti-nuclear views, consider it unwise now to bring up children on the Windscale coast.

BNFL itself does not deny that there is a theoretical cancer risk from the Windscale discharges. The International Commission's limits that govern Windscale's operations are not guarantees of absolute safety, but are calculated estimates of an 'acceptable' risk from radiation. If its risk estimates are applied to the Windscale discharges of the mid-1970s, they suggest one or two cancer deaths from each year's output and a similar number of genetic defects. (Many scientists now argue that these limits are too lax and that ten or 15 cancer deaths could be expected from each year's discharges.)

Given that some risk must arise from Windscale's discharges, the question for the authorities is what constitutes an acceptable level of risk. Cumbria County Council retains an official consultant on radiation hazards. He is John Fremlin, a retired Physics Professor from Birmingham University. In 1970 he advised the Council that it would be safe to allow BNFL to *increase* its plutonium discharges, having calculated that the number of extra cancers resulting (about one for each year's output) would be trivial and undetectable. These hypothetical cancer deaths, he says, 'will most probably occur in




**Top: Mud from Ravenglass estuary with 20 X background level of radiation at last Saturday's demo in London. Inset: John Dunster, the director of the National Radiological Protection Board. Below: the pipeline at Windscale, discharging radioactive waste. Below right: Windscale reprocessing plant.**

*All photos: Martin Bond*



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the local population living near Windscale.'

But are these predicted cancers really undetectable, or could they fall on communities where they become readily apparent? Cumbria's medical officers have pointed out in several reports that there are no abnormal patterns of cancer for the area around Windscale. Their reassurances are contradicted by some alarming trends in the official figures for the West Cumbria Area Health Authority containing Windscale. Male cancer registrations as a whole in this area have steadily risen from 10 per cent below the national average in 1969 to a significant 17 per cent above by 1980. A similar steady rise took place in female cancer registrations. In men and women under 45 years old, these official registration figures show a stomach and digestive cancer rate rising to double the national average.

It is in the cancer rates for *localised* areas that the most sharply abnormal pattern appears to have been overlooked by the authorities. County medical officers may not have been aware that figures for cancer deaths in rural districts published by the Census Office have been continued even after the boundaries of those districts were re-drawn in 1973. On special request, these figures are still available. They show that, between the years 1963 and 1980 in Millom rural district immediately south of Windscale, there were 13 cancer deaths in under-25-year-olds, when only five should have been expected on national rates.

This striking anomaly in the official figures suggested a closer look at where exactly the excess cancer cases were occurring within the old Rural District. Researcher Michael Burke painstakingly developed local contacts. Eventually we traced and identified all of the 13 deaths in the under-25 age group recorded in the official figures for Millom RD – and, on top of that, found one certified death from leukaemia in a local 17-year-old girl that was entirely missed out by the statistics.

When we located these deaths on a map, we found that, rather than following the population distribution, there was an unexpected preponderance in the coastal parishes nearest to Windscale. Our research now took us beyond official statistics. We set out to record and verify all known cancer cases in young people in the Windscale coastal parishes in the last 25 years. Here, the cancer rate in under-18-year-olds emerged as four times what was expected given the age of the population. Disturbingly, the rate was increasing – with one tiny parish (where one childhood cancer case only should turn up every 160 years) experiencing two such cases in the last five years.

MORE DISTURBING still, the parish closest to Windscale – Seascale village – had the highest cancer rate of all, with a staggering ten times the expected rate of leukaemias in children under ten-years-old. We asked the Chief Medical Statistican of Christie's Cancer Hospital in Manchester to check our figures; he calculated the probability of this abnormal pattern of cancer happening naturally as between a 1-in-50,000 and a 1-in-140,000 chance. In other words, an underlying cause was strongly suggested. (Information coming to us since the programme implies that we may well have underestimated the number of cases.)

The local Seascale GP, whose group practice treated many of these childhood cancer cases, checked his record books after watching the film. 'Our figures agreed with Yorkshire TV's almost exactly,' he told a medical newspaper. 'We are unhappy that the District Medical Officer hasn't collated it. He has maintained that our incidences are normal. This may be right for the health district as a whole, but it's not the case in our parishes.'

The speed with which the government appointed Sir Douglas Black to investigate these findings is a measure not just of their seriousness but of the surprise that they have caused to the local health authorities and to BNFL. The latter have lamely tried to suggest that our findings represent an unexplained 'cluster' and have pointed out three 'clusters' of leukaemia elsewhere in Britain. Yet two of the 'clusters' of leukaemia that they cite hardly exonerate nuclear energy as a potential cause. One included workers at Sizewell Nuclear Reactor; the other occurred within five miles of Springfields Nuclear Fuel Fabrication Plant, run by none other than BNFL.

Neither of these clusters related to children. The other 'cluster' cited by BNFL involved two cases of leukaemia in children living in the village of Dane End in Hertfordshire, and two cases in children known to visit the village. All four cases occurred within a year, and it is misleading to compare such an isolated outbreak with the steady high incidence of leukaemia and other childhood cancers occurring on the Windscale coast over a 30-year period.

Despite the clear pattern in the distribution of excess childhood cancers along the Windscale coast, it must be stressed that no definite link with Windscale's discharges can ever be proved, although they must remain the prime suspect until some other locally occurring carcinogen can be identified. But it is an ironic and shameful fact that, if the pipeline were to be extended into open waters, its massive discharges would be illegal under International Law. Yet, within our own coastal waters, it is sanctioned and its risks ignored. □

## STATE SCHOOL MPs

The proportion of MPs from state education has risen since 1906 as follows:

| | State school MPs | Public school MPs |
|---|---|---|
| **1906** | 2% | 28% |
| **1931** | 12% | 27% |
| **1946** | 20% | 34% |
| **1965** | 24% | 34% |
| **1982** | 31% | 32% |

The 1983 figures are keenly awaited. Read *State Education and Its Five Prime Ministers*, by A. Armstrong. Price £2.50, from **Broadway Publications, 13 White Lion House, Hatfield, Herts.**

US FORCES

# Outside the law

### Duncan Campbell on the legal status of US servicemen

IF AN AMERICAN serviceman on duty at Greenham Common – or any other US base in Britain – shot a British demonstrator or passer-by, whether accidentally or deliberately, he would not under any circumstances be charged before a British court. Even when British police arrest US military offenders, they usually have to hand them over to their US commanders, who are at liberty to decide whether or not to hold a court martial. Nothing prevents them from deciding, instead, to remove the wrongdoers from this country.

Nor could the children or spouse of a demonstrator at Greenham, killed or injured by US guards, sue for damages. Under the Visiting Forces Act, passed in 1952, US servicemen are immune from appearing before any British court, criminal or civil, so long as they can claim to be 'on duty' at the time, or if their crimes involve only US personnel or property.

Under the same Act, if a US cruise missile or other nuclear weapon in transit caused a devastating accident in Britain, no one would have the right to sue the United States government for a pennyworth of damages. The Ministry of Defence might choose to pay up on the Americans' behalf. But there is no guarantee of compensation if you are injured by the activities of US military forces in Britain.

Sporadically since the 1950s, antagonism towards the US has been increased by the high-handed behaviour of its servicemen. British civilians have been held up at gunpoint inside US bases (even, indeed, on public highways); a British maintenance worker, on the US airbase at Northolt, has been shot and wounded by a US guard; six British civilians were wounded by a US Master Sergeant when he hijacked a car and drove from the base at Manston, in Kent – having killed, among others, an RAF policeman inside.

Where serious crimes or assaults are committed off-base, it might be thought harder for officers to claim that they happened in the course of duty. They have often done so, however, in respect of serious motoring offences in which Britons have died. In serious cases of 'negligent homicides', US motoring offenders have received trivial penalties and avoided paying damages after evading British jurisdiction. In a homicide case in August 1979, for example, a US Marine working as a nuclear weapon store guard at St Mawgan in Cornwall was given a trivial fine and a 'letter of admonition' after killing



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a youth. The Marine drove a jeep at high speed on the wrong side of the road, and crashed into and killed a 17-year-old RAF technician riding a motorbike. Using their powers under the Visiting Forces Act, the US Navy interrupted a local inquest on the dead youth, Matthew Chesher, and prohibited the coroner, Mr Alan Harvey, from continuing. Six months after blocking the inquest, the US Navy held a court martial in London. They fined the Marine $1.

The attitude of the US authorities in the Chesher case infuriated not only the youth's parents, but also local journalists and police officers. After Chesher's death, local police were prevented for three hours from entering the base to investigate the accident. A local journalist covering the case was misled by US officials in an attempt to prevent him from attending the court martial.

SWEEPING LEGAL powers and immunities are available to US forces in Britain through both the Act and the earlier Visiting Forces Orders. One disturbing side issue is how little, even in legal circles, this is known. Magistrates and judges who have attempted unsuccessfully to deal with US servicemen have been angered and dismayed to discover that the Visiting Forces Act can make them powerless.

US servicemen have been able to evade civil liability even for motoring accidents. In a 1958 case, the parents of a 24-year-old man, who was killed near the Northolt airbase in Middlesex, attempted to sue their son's killer for damages. When the case came to trial, the serviceman was back in the United States and no one appeared to answer the charge – not lawyers; not any insurance company representative; not even a USAF or US government official.

The judge expressed his anger about the behaviour of the US authorities in restrained terms:

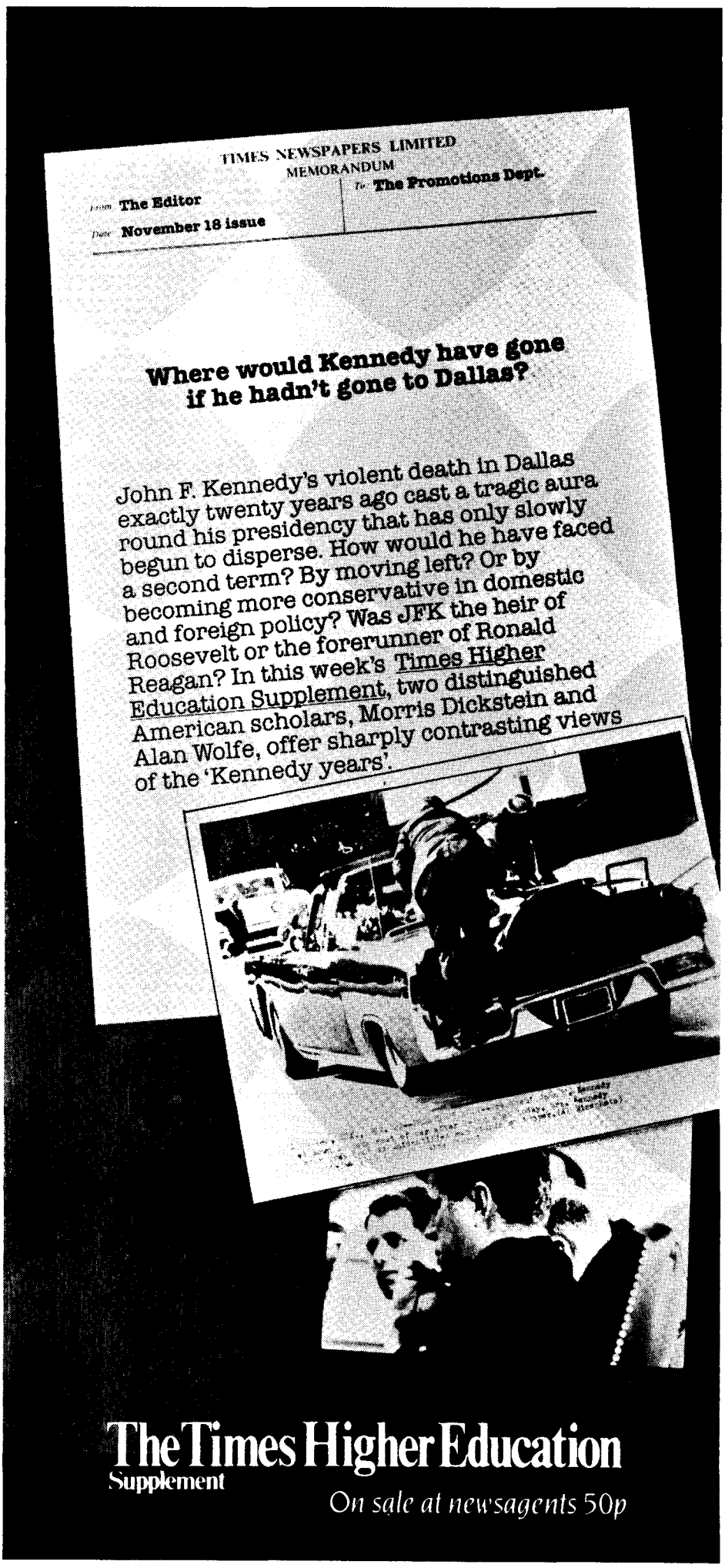
> It did seem rather unfortunate if visiting soldiers or airmen could leave the country and leave an action of this kind to proceed in their absence . . . One would have thought that . . . the responsible authorities [would attend] to the material results of the judgment.
>
> There is nothing [I] could do about it but there did seem to be a lacuna and a loophole if visiting servicemen could drive cars all about the country and then leave before a civil action came to trial.

Magistrates, too, have found themselves unable to prevent offences involving US servicemen being removed, at a US commander's whim, from their jurisdiction. To one, who has written to the *New Statesman*, it was 'very wrong that such a situation should exist'.

It is scarcely surprising that the US servicemen's 'Welcome to Britain' guide has reflected rosily on the legal status of US forces in Britain:

> When the arrangement was formalised, it included many advantages to the Air Force and its personnel . . .

US FORCES IN BRITAIN enjoy a greater degree of immunity from legal proceedings than in other NATO states. Even in West Germany, where the legacy of the post-war occupation still gives allied forces unusual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Where would Kennedy have gone if he hadn't gone to Dallas?
John F. Kennedy's violent death in Dallas exactly twenty years ago cast a tragic aura round his presidency that has only slowly begun to disperse. How would he have faced a second term? By moving left? Or by becoming more conservative in domestic and foreign policy? Was JFK the heir of Roosevelt or the forerunner of Ronald Reagan? In this week's Times Higher Education Supplement, two distinguished American scholars, Morris Dickstein and Alan Wolfe, offer sharply contrasting views of the 'Kennedy years'.
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powers, the police have the right to decide whether cases involving the interests of German citizens should be heard in German courts rather than under American or British military law.

The 1952 Visiting Forces Act came out of the NATO 'Status of Forces' agreement signed in June 1951. This required host governments to provide bases and facilities and support services as required, and allowed foreign troops stationed abroad to carry arms and to police their own camps. Members of foreign 'visiting' forces would also be immune from prosecution or civil proceedings in a 'receiving state' if they were carrying out 'official duties'.

The scope of the problem is considerable. Aside from driving accidents (US servicemen have been involved in over 1,500 every year – up to 100 of which are 'serious') there have been other, yet more dangerous, types of accident and near-accident. When an unauthorised mechanic from Alconbury took off in a B45 bomber, he crashed almost immediately on to the London-to-Edinburgh railway. Fortunately, he did so when no train was near. In another incident, a mentally ill USAF sergeant at Mildenhall, Paul Meyer, 'blew out' and took off in a C-130 Hercules. He came down a few hours later in the English Channel. More ominously, four years after a nuclear weapons technician (Master Sergeant Leander Cunningham) locked himself in a tower with a revolver and threatened to kill himself, the US admitted that he had threatened to take others with him by attempting to detonate an A-bomb.

Britain's most notorious case of US military disorder was a riot in Dunoon in 1973. Nearly 100 US sailors rampaged through Dunoon waving knives and giving Black Power salutes, damaging 22 shops and stabbing one youth. Six US Navy sailors were charged – on this occasion, in British courts.

In crisis or war, before sending reinforcement troops to Europe, the United States plans to obtain yet more extensive 'emergency' powers from NATO governments. The text of an Emergency Status of Forces Agreement, which would be negotiated before reinforcements arrived, was among secret US documents leaked in 1980 (*NS* 27 June 1980). Once signed, the emergency agreement would give local US commanders the right to deploy nuclear weapons and military forces as they pleased and the right to 'quell' local disorder by any 'unilateral' means necessary. Members of US forces would then be exempt from all national laws in all circumstances.

Curiously, the United Kingdom was uniquely exempt, in that an emergency wartime SOF agreement was not required. The reason for this is simple – our Visiting Forces Act and other agreements already provide the US in Britain in peace with the special powers it would seek elsewhere in NATO in war. □

*A book by Duncan Campbell on the history and present extent of US military forces in Britain,* The Unsinkable Aircraft Carrier, *will be published by Michael Joseph next May.*

IRELAND

# North and South

## Mary Holland reports on the new Sinn Fein strategy

*Dublin*

LAST WEEK James Prior told a group of Conservative MPs that there was a danger of Ireland becoming a Cuba off the coast of Britain, if the political progress of Sinn Fein were not halted.

At almost any time in the past 14 years of violence in Northern Ireland, such an assertion would have seemed ludicrous. But after Sinn Fein's annual conference in Dublin last weekend the prospect can no longer entirely be laughed aside. The whole style of the conference – serious, pragmatic concentration on present problems, rather than past ideology – showed that the Provos are now determined to become a political force South of the border.

This was the first Sinn Fein conference I can remember where the debates on policy were readily accessible to outsiders. Some of them – on women's issues, trade union activity, electoral strategy – were characterised by a tough-minded directness from the grass roots. Gone were the old, obscurantist arguments as to whether a federal Ireland with four regional parliaments would appeal to northern Protestants – the kind of thing which made one wonder if Provos ever talked to anybody except other Provos, or had any conception of how hollow such arguments sounded when the IRA was murdering Protestants in border areas.

In a speech which lasted nearly an hour, Gerry Adams did appeal to Protestants to recognise the common radical roots they shared in Presbyterian republicanism, but he conceded that his remarks would fall on deaf ears. Adams talked only briefly about the role of the IRA. The campaign of violence would go on, he said, because the history of British colonial involvement had shown that Britain only responded to force. But he emphasised that, in future, the IRA would need to examine its strategy continuously and that its campaign would have to be disciplined 'so that it is clearly seen as a symbol of our people's resistance' – in other words, no ceasefire, but a concentration on security targets, especially British soldiers. The murder of the Unionist chairman of Armagh Council last Monday night will make this appeal sound bitterly cynical to Protestants in Northern Ireland.

The rest of the new leader's speech, delivered in a style more reminiscent of a polytechnic lecturer than a revolutionary activist, was devoted to a detailed analysis of Sinn Fein's electoral strategy – North and South. Inevitably, most of the coverage has concentrated on the emergence of Adams and his northern 'Young Turks' as the now unchallenged leaders of Sinn Fein, and the rout of the 'old guard', personified by David O'Connell and Ruari O'Bradaigh, who had been president of Sinn Fein for 14 years. In many ways, that O'Bradaigh stayed so long was due to the personal regard Adams and the others had for a man who had tried over recent years to act as a bridge between the radical Northerners and the much more 'traditional' membership in the South.

Even so, some of the debates, particularly on the Provisionals' traditional stance of refusing to take their seats in any of the parliaments to which they have been elected, were stormy warnings of difficult times ahead. To men like O'Bradaigh and his supporters, particularly in the United States, political purity has come to be identified with a refusal to compromise on this issue. The view still commands considerable support in Sinn Fein as a whole. Thunderous applause greeted O'Bradaigh's passionate appeals to resist the lure of constitutional politics. But O'Bradaigh was cast in a different mould and at a different time from Gerry Adams, Martin MacGuinness and the younger militants from the North. O'Bradaigh himself joined the IRA in the early 1950s, when its membership was a few hundred. He was imprisoned, interned, elected and interned again. Others who joined the Republican movement at that time have told me that almost no one believed that they could win and drive the British from the North. Their role was to keep the IRA alive, to pass on the cause to the next generation. In such circumstances, principles could not be challenged. To do so would have been to question the whole basis of the movement.

In the North, even after 1970, this spirit still imbued the Provisionals. This fanatical introspection kept the Provos going through the long years of public opprobrium, clerical denunciation, pressure from the British security forces. But, as the conflict in the North continued, men like Martin MacGuinness and Danny Morrison saw that violence alone was not going to drive the British from Northern Ireland, that it was necessary to harness popular support to the political aims of the IRA. The 1981 hunger strike provided the breakthrough they needed, bringing hordes of young people into Sinn Fein itself with the energy that would otherwise have been devoted to the IRA. In the North, where a tradition of abstentionism already exists, it did not matter that Sinn Fein's parliamentary candidates stood on a 'non attendance' ticket. The Catholic community was so severely alienated that, for an MP to refuse to go to Westminster or a Belfast assembly, was seen as a proper repudiation of British authority.

BUT THE SOUTH, as Adams and his colleagues know well, is quite a different matter. To the overwhelming majority of Irish people, the Dail is *the* legitimate Irish parliament. It is where power resides. For parliamentary candidates to say they won't go *there* would make no sense to the voters.

A crucial breakthrough for Sinn Fein's



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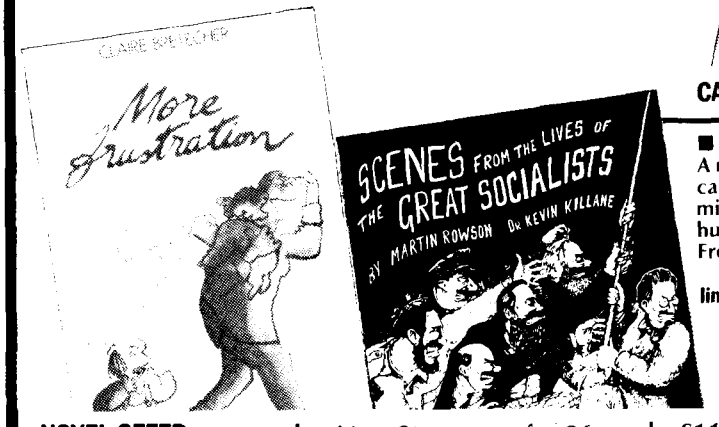


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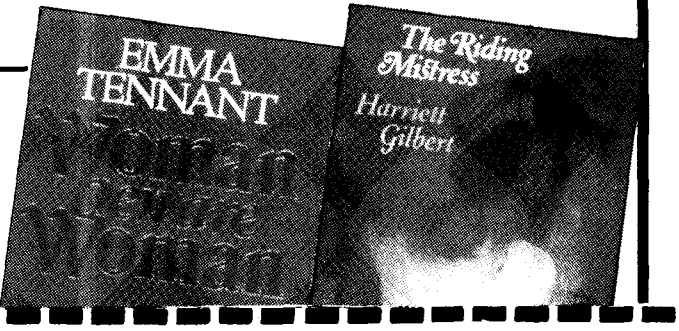


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whole future in Ireland was achieved when it was decided that candidates would stand in next year's EEC elections and would take their seats if elected. The way has now been carefully prepared for future discussions about attendance in the Dublin Dail – Adams, who has to bear in mind the sensibilities of the 'traditionalists' (including crucial IRA supporters in the US) was discreet on this point when he spoke. His allies were more forthright in advocating the abandonment of abstentionist policies.

The new leadership of Sinn Fein knows that the young people who are now joining the party in the South have no interest in carrying the torch of Irish Republicanism for another generation. They want social and political change fast. The soil from which they are being recruited is exceedingly fertile and likely to become more so as Ireland suffers the harshest budgetary measures it has known for generations. These were the themes which Adams kept hammering in his speech – the highest unemployment rate in Europe; factory closures; the dependence of Ireland on multinationals; public spending cuts; the lack of prospects for the young.

This is not to suggest that the North will be ignored. Republicanism, as the new Sinn Fein leaders spelt out quite explicity, is primarily about getting the British out of Ireland and creating a united, independent country. That will only be achieved by mobilising popular support. But, if the Republican movement is to proceed to its second task of building the socialist republic, that support must be built on a radical working-class base.

All this indicates a very long-term view, but Mr Prior is quite right when he says that Sinn Fein *does* now have a strategy for political advance in Ireland as a whole. As recently as 1980, one Provisional leader said to me, possibly in jest, that one of their fears was that the British might pull out too soon and deprive them of the time they needed to build this political support.

The pace has quickened considerably since then. Even Mrs Thatcher now recognises publicly that the growth of support for Sinn Fein is a matter for concern. At the moment, the task facing the party in the South of Ireland seems insurmountable. The institutions of the Irish state, including its political parties, are familiar and accepted, warts and all, by the voters. There is no British presence on the streets to alienate whole sections of the community and drive them towards Sinn Fein. On the contrary, most people in the Republic are deeply alarmed and hostile to any politics which seems to emanate from the North.

But the Republic has its own problems, as Garret FitzGerald knows very well. Many of the faces at last weekend's Sinn Fein conference were young. These people come from areas of high unemployment and dreadful social problems. They are avid for a cause to embrace. If I were a politician in the Republic, I would watch Sinn Fein's political operations very closely, not for any dramatic implications in the immediate future, but for the long, hard years that lie ahead. □

COMMUNIST PARTY

# Listing badly

## Sarah Benton analyses the change in CP leaderships

DELEGATES to the 1983 Congress of the British Communist Party have voted for the most dramatic changes in their party's leadership in its post-war history. Although previous Congresses, held every two years, have been far more radical in their policy resolutions, the impact of such decisions has always been contained by the conservative stance of the leading committees and the full-time officials. This year, the habitually cautious leadership, grouped around General Secretary Gordon McLennan, was pushed by the rebellion of the *Morning Star* into throwing the core of hardline opposition off the Executive Committee (EC).

The editor of the *Morning Star*, Tony Chater, his deputy editor, the industrial reporter Mick Costello and *Star* organiser Derek Robinson all failed to get elected to the EC, as did hardline union lawyer Tess Gill, miner Malcolm Pitt and WEA tutor Hilary Cave. This amounts to being pushed off by the leadership because of the careful way in which the CP manages its elections and indeed its whole Congress procedure.

Before any matter reaches the delegates it is filtered through various committees. Political disputes are thus often deflected into a factional lobbying of committees behind closed doors. In the case of elections, the Political Committee – the inner circle of leadership – first draws up a desired list of names to fill all the 42 places on the EC. It then offers this 'Recommended List' to the existing EC. After due deliberation the EC passes on its own Recommended List (usually the same as the PC's) to the Congress Committee, the Election Preparations Committee (EPC). The EPC deliberates and offers its first Recommended List (usually the same) to Congress delegates who lobby over various names. The EPC then presents its final Recommended List – usually identical to the PC's original list – and delegates vote. Although very few delegates vote for the complete List, inclusion on it is enough to ensure the least known approved candidate gets more votes than the most popular member of any excluded faction (who, in this case, was Tess Gill).

Chater et al were gambling on the loyalty of delegates to the paper. In fact, the paper as a journalistic product has very few admirers and in the last 10 years it has only been the loyal support of McLennan for Chater's editorship that has protected the editor from a long line of critics. This year, betrayed by the *Star*, the 'moderates' threw Chater and his supporters to the wolves.

This is only the beginning of what must be a protracted battle over who controls both the paper and its assets, most of which are in the form of cash reserves and a freehold building. Formal ownership and control lies with the People's Press Printing Society, which operates the paper through its two subsidiaries, the Morning Star Co-operative Society and the Morning Star Publishing Company.

Day-to-day control lies with the PPPS Management Committee, which appoints the editor. The Management Committee has 15 members, the large majority of whom are Labour Party or CP hardliners and will support Chater. In order to regain control of the paper, 2 per cent of the shareholders – i.e. over 600 people – would have to call a special general meeting. Then, according to the rules of the PPPS: 'Any member of the committee may be removed by resolution of a special general meeting.'

However, it was the failure of the EC to get a majority of shareholders at the last Annual General Meeting which precipitated this split. No doubt in a new series of general meetings the EC could get many more shareholders out to vote in its support; but then the *Star* management will look for united support from the hardliners of the CP, and assorted hard left allies.

With so much at stake, they are likely to get it. The hardliners were politically divided and ineffectual in argument at this week's Congress, preferring to slip copies of a Samizdat Congress briefing in brown envelopes under lavatory doors to argue for the amendments they put up. However, they gained a needed new recruit in Ken Gill, the General Secretary of AUEW-TASS, who until recently had stayed out of explicit side-taking in party disputes.

In a speech that was highly critical of the CP, Gill organised his argument round the maxim that 'My enemy's enemy is my friend'. The message in this case is that if 'capitalist' papers like the *Financial Times* praise *Marxism Today* – as its political correspondent Malcolm Rutherford has done – then *Marxism Today* and capitalism are surely too friendly.

This new position in the party is mirrored by the position of TASS in the union world, where it has abandoned the compromise necessary to achieve the full amalgamation of the four sections of the AUEW in preference for amalgamation with the sheet metal workers' union, whose General Secretary is also a member of the Communist Party.

Despite the changes in the CP's leadership, the Eurocommunists still do not have control of the EC, and whether the energy of the 15,000 strong party can be channelled behind the sort of political programme advocated by new industrial organiser Pete Carter remains to be seen. At the moment, the leadership is still largely comprised of people who fit regional and occupational slots, rather than who are dominant political influences. The tradition of including noted Marxist intellectuals has been abandoned altogether. The Communist Party leadership may thus still lack the political will to decide on a clear and life-saving role for itself in British political life. □



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# DIARY

## Claudia Wright

*New York*

Remember the half-naked muscle man with the short-back-and-sides haircut who used to whack the gong at the beginning of the old J. Arthur Rank movies? I can tell you that he's been brought back to life, of sorts, in New York. Freshly named Ranxerox – Ranx to his intimates – he's now an android who cruises the dives of Manhattan looking for sado-masochistic action. He has a nymphet girlfriend – 'well-endowed' would be one way of describing her – who helps Ranx perform by titillating the wires under his skullcap, or pulling the controls in the panel on his back. You can follow Ranx's adventures in a New York shop called Forbidden Planet, which sells everything from toy androids to pornographic fantasies about them. The clientele is standard for the section of town that lies between Greenwich Village and the Tenderloin – intellectuality bordering on the perverse – S & M devotees in heavy metal and leather; Hasidic Jews in traditional shtetl costume; children with academic fathers in duffle coats and desert boots; out-of-town visitors like me.

○

It was my five-year-old son who insisted on visiting Forbidden Planet, because his friends had told him it was *the* place in the US for the new breed of Japanese robots and android toys. They have their own section of the store, guarded by special attendants to demonstrate what they can do. The toys stand militantly at attention, rather like the honour guards in Tokyo during President Reagan's recent visit. Their names give a new twist to the reviving sentiment behind the Greater Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere – Battroid Valkyrie, which is part F-15, part F-16, and converts into a robot warrior; Baxinger Galactic Gale Cosmoranger J9-11; the Scopedog, whose container says: 'Vertical One-Man Tank For Offense And Manoeuvre – Very Obnoxious Tagger's Out-Of-Sight Murder Services'; and the Godaikin Daltanias, which my son chose. This is a multi-segment robot whose individual pieces turn into an attack vehicle shaped like a lion, a mini-sized space shuttle and an antler-headed trooper. While I mused aloud about what Japanese children exposed to these toys might think of the no-war provision of their constitution, I was told by an attendant that the Japanese kids don't really understand the English words. They are put on the toys, he said, to make them sound American enough to appeal to Japanese tastes. I shouldn't take any notice of them, he suggested.

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Ranxerox was in a different section of Forbidden Planet, between the toy androids and the adult comics. He's actually a character in a French porno-fantasy called very simply *Ranxerox à New York*. As each year goes by, I think New York becomes more and more the caricature that the French (or, at least, the Parisians) have always made of it. If Jacques Tati were alive today, he would enjoy his revenge. After *Playtime*, Tati's satire of Americanism imported to 'modernise' Paris, he would enjoy the way New York and New Yorkers are now walking jokes that even the inventive Tati could not have staged.

○

Who else would dream up the idea of spending $300,000 to paint and paste over the façades of abandoned tenements in order to give the appearance of their being lived in by jolly citizens tending the geraniums in their window-boxes? 'I recognise this is superficial,' the New York housing commissioner told the local press. 'We don't want anybody to think we're doing this instead of rebuilding. But that will take years and require tens of millions or hundreds of millions of dollars. And while we're waiting we want people to know that we still care'. It also requires the ingenuity of Monsieur Hulot to be a cab driver in New York these days. Drivers say that Mayor Ed Koch has closed down the surviving public lavatories on which the cabbies used to rely. The official reason was that their odour offended pedestrians. The result is that cabbies have nowhere to relieve themselves. One cabbie told me that he is too afraid of thieves breaking into his cab to steal the meter to stop at

garage lavatories. He said he tries to make a detour home whenever he has a passenger headed for La Guardia airport. Why don't a thousand drivers demonstrate by urinating *en masse* at the mayor's mansion? I asked. A driver said that it wouldn't do any good, because the mayor would look out his window and enjoy the sight.

○

Some things in New York haven't changed. The pony rides in Central Park are still being run by Evan Angels, who has been manning his stone booth and pony track for 23 years. He has three ponies – the white one for slow speeds, the black one for a brisk trot, and a brown one who gallops too fast for children and consequently spends most of its time in the stable. Angels says that the pony rides are more democratic than they used to be. He recalls that, when he started, the only children to take rides were accompanied by nurses and nannies and came from the expensive apartments on Fifth, Madison and Park Avenues nearby. Today, natural parents appear regularly and come from all over the city.

○

The Waldorf-Astoria hotel also remains – a spruced-up version of what it used to be. The wonderful Art Deco fixtures and decorations have been restored; after a period of decline, the hotel is once again the opulent cross between La Guardia airport, the Empire State Building and the Rockefeller Center skating rink that reminds you what an infinitesimal speck a human being in New York actually is. I like the feeling, and go to New York to enjoy it. Some of the Waldorf's guests don't care to see things this way. A US Air Force general with illustrious service in Vietnam and the Strategic Air Command was mistaken for me when we checked in because we share the same surname and a similar sounding first name. He was outraged when I showed up with a key to what he presumed was his exclusive room. In a hotel as large as the Waldorf, in a city as large as New York, it can be harrowing to discover that a male general can be mistaken for a female journalist. New York is no place to go if your self-image is unsteady.

# ROGER WODDIS

## Kent and Canterbury

*Monsignor Bruce Kent, general secretary of CND, who praised British Communists as a force for peace, and Dr Robert Runcie, who attacked the 'madness' of the arms race, have both come under fire in the media.*

With Kent giving vent
And Runcie turned rancid,
The Churches we look to
Are clearly bad news,
For both have displayed
Less faith than we fancied
In praying to Pershing
And worshipping cruise.

It has to be called
A clerical error
When Kent's habitation
Is built on a rock:
We guard what is good
By welcoming terror
And damning the shepherd
Protecting his flock.

The passion for peace
The Archbishop now shares
With millions of others
May well be the Lord's;
But Runcie's true role
Is blessing our ploughshares
When they are converted
To megaton swords.



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# Behind the palm trees

## Belinda Coote reveals what British MPs missed on their recent visit to the Philippines

ON MONDAY morning, at a press conference in the House of Commons, the Parliamentary Human Rights Group published a report on a visit to the Philippines by two MPs, Alf Dubs (Labour) and Colin Moynihan (Conservative). They had gone to the Philippines in September to investigate human rights abuses in connection with investments by the Commonwealth Development Corporation (CDC) in palm oil. They came back convinced that the CDC was doing a good job.

The CDC, whose directors include HRH The Prince of Wales, invests money in commercial enterprises in developing countries. Its constitution and powers are laid down by Act of Parliament and it finances its projects through loans from UK exchequer funds. As of January 1983, it had investments and loans of £703.8 million spread across 53 countries and roughly 250 enterprises.

The MPs visited the two areas in the Philippines where the CDC is investing, both of which are on the southern island of Mindanao, and both of which involve the growing of palm-oil trees. One was the Malaysian-owned Guthrie plantation, to which CDC granted a £6.4 million loan in January this year despite considerable opposition from groups such as Amnesty International and the Catholic Institute for International Relations, who argued that British taxpayers' money should not be put into a scheme that was treating its workers badly, taking land from local farmers without due respect for their rights and employing a murderous para-military group, known as the Lost Command, as its security force.

The second place visited was the neighbouring municipality of Loreto, where the CDC plans to establish its own 8,000 hectare plantation of oil-palm trees in a joint investment with the Philippine government. Six weeks before the MPs came to Loreto I was there myself, researching into local land issues. Assisted by my knowledge of the local dialect, I found the people that I spoke to were vehemently opposed to the project. Their criticisms were, however, muted by a fear of reprisals. As one woman said: 'If we don't willingly sell our lands, they will use intimidation and coercion.'

One of the few people in the area who might have dared to give the British MPs a rather different picture from the official one was Father Cesar Legaspi, the parish priest of Loreto and an outspoken opponent of the project. One week before the MPs arrived, he was killed in a motor-bike accident. There is enough suspicion surrounding his death for his religious order to be mounting an inquiry.

Meanwhile, the MPs were hosted by officials from the CDC, a First Secretary from the British Embassy in Manila, the mayor of Loreto (who is wholeheartedly in favour of the scheme) and, for some of the trip, a military escort. Father Cesar's death was passed off as an accident, and the MPs discerned neither the climate of fear nor the depth of opposition to the project.

THE ROAD TO Loreto is washed out by heavy rains for six months of the year, so access is by river. The rich tropical rain forest that once covered the area has long since been cut down by logging companies, but away from the flat river-lands the terrain becomes hilly and secondary forestal growth is establishing itself.

There are 19,000 people in Loreto, half of them from the Manobo tribal group, who are the original inhabitants of Central Mindanao. The shifting agricultural practices of the Manobo, mostly in the hilly upland parts of Loreto, mean that much of their land appears to be uncultivated. These are the lands of their ancestors and, as such, sacred – 'the symbol of our true identity which gives us life'.

The rest of the population are farmers from other parts of the Philippines who came to Loreto in search of lands that they could call their own, having been disrupted by wars or by the taking of their own lands for plantation agriculture. They have settled in small farming communities and live peacefully as neighbours with the Manobo.

When I arrived in Loreto in July, the first crops of maize had been harvested and local farmers were turning their attention to the planting of palm-oil trees in Loreto. White-skinned officials from the CDC and the British Embassy in Manila were becoming a familiar sight as they surveyed, inspected, discussed and again departed. People were only too well aware of their intention of turning the area into a massive plantation. At small gatherings throughout the municipality, the inhabitants expressed their feelings: 'As plantation workers we will be little more than slaves on our own land'; 'It will destroy our culture so we must fight, even if it costs lives, for our rights to our lands which we consider sacred'.

They gained little confidence from CDC's assurances that only land which was willingly sold would be purchased. One Manobo chief told of how he was tricked into signing a blank form by the wife of a high-ranking military official. He later found that he had signed away 1,000 hectares of land inhabitated by his own tribal group.

Local people looked to the church for support and guidance. Father Cesar, an ebullient character, was deeply distressed by events: 'The people do not want to lose their lands which are so much part of their culture and identity, yet what can we do? The CDC

**The final picture in a 32-page comic book distributed in Loreto this August to persuade local people to hand over their land to the Commonwealth Development Corporation. The caption reads: 'Every ambition has its own way and Amado with his family should strive for that ambition. The promise that comes with the early morning sunshine is like the promise that is felt in his heart. Amado should make a strong decision for the future of his family in Loreto.'**



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are so powerful with their money and influence.' He was also worried by the possible reprisals that opposition to the project might bring. In the Philippines, hostility to any government-backed project is interpreted as communist rebel activity and is brutally suppressed by military or para-military groups. While I was in Loreto, anonymous letters were circulating which identified the church as a communist-infiltrated organisation; they urged people to help the armed forces to stamp out rebellion.

At that time all eyes were on the 40 or so men employed by the mayor of Loreto as his personal bodyguards, who were rumoured to be collecting arms for use against the people. The mayor is a strong supporter of the project, and people remembered what happened on the Guthrie plantation, where unwilling farmers were terrorised into giving up their lands by the strong-arm methods of the Lost Command.

THE PEOPLE of Loreto wrote to Sir Peter Meinertzhagen, general manager of CDC, to ask him to reconsider his company's plan for investment in their area. Between July and September this year a total of 25 letters containing 1,500 signatures, many of them representing family or chapel groups, were sent to Sir Peter in London. CDC dismissed the letters, saying that they were part of a propaganda exercise by a few self-interested individuals and, in a letter to the local bishop, accused Father Cesar of 'inciting people to discuss the message before they had even heard it'.

In justification of the investment, CDC says that Loreto is under-cultivated and that rural poverty can be alleviated by the creation of more than 4,000 jobs on the plantation. In August, CDC flooded the area with popular-style comic books (see illustation), which explained in story form the purposes and benefits of palm-oil plantations. CDC also used audio-visual aids to inform the villagers of its proposals. What it did not tell them was that the Philippine government offers substantial tax incentives to foreign investors, that labour in the Philippines is among the cheapest in the world (plantation workers earn £1 a day), and that with soil and climatic conditions being perfect for palm oil, CDC can expect to make large profits from the enterprise.

For the people of Loreto, however, the project will mean that they lose control of their means of production; by becoming plantation labourers they will be shifted into the poorest sector of the market economy. In reply to this, the CDC says that farmers who don't wish to hand over their lands can plant oil-palm and then sell it to CDC for processing. However, this is only financially viable for the farmer with 10 hectares or more. Moreover, the buying prices are controlled by the company. Farmers on other plantations who operate these 'outgrowers' schemes' often end up deeply in debt to the corporation, because of the cost of pesticides and fertilisers.

In spite of all this, the two British MPs have returned from the Philippines congratulating CDC on its plans for Loreto. As one human rights worker from the area wrote after their visit: 'They come in for a few days to pass judgment on something that will affect thousands of lives . . . They are impressed when a bully of a mayor shows them round accompanied by goons and everyone he introduces them to is amazingly smiling and enthusiastic about the proposal . . . then they go back home to their impregnable security and their crumpets and tea, and whatever they say will most likely do nothing that will make a damn difference to anyone – while our people continue under the shadow of fear.' □

*Belinda Coote recently returned from the Philippines, where she was assigned as a VSO volunteer. She was denied a previously approved extension of her two-year contract when the British Embassy in the Philippines discovered that, as part of her work, she was investigating human rights abuses connected with the CDC's investments in plantation agriculture.*

POLAND

# Truth in the dock

## Gary Mead on the implications of a forthcoming show trial

WHENEVER Poland suffers from its endemic structural problems, the government of the day bustles round to find a few internal enemies who can be burnt at the symbolic stake. The working class in Gdansk wants more genuine democracy? Nonsense, they're being misled by a handful of heretics. Find them; stage a show trial and lock them away; give a few more zlotys to the workers; end of problem. This standard procedure has been more difficult to implement since August 1980, but now the regime is gathering faggots for the latest batch of heretics: four key members of KSS-KOR ('Social Self-Defence Committee').

A 22-page 'Indictment' against Jacek Kuron, Henryk Wujec, Adam Michnik and Zbigniew Romaszewski has recently become available. It lays out the terms for their forthcoming trial in a Warsaw military court – the first full-blown political show trial in East Europe since the 1950s.

The KSS-KOR activists chosen for trial are the figureheads most loathed by the administrations in Warsaw and Moscow. They will be tried for 'aiming to overthrow the Polish political system by force' and 'attempting to break the alliance with the Soviet Union'. Without KSS-KOR, Solidarity would have remained a dream for millions of Poles. Between 1976-1981, KSS-KOR was the single source of reliable information on every aspect of civil life in Poland, from police repression to attempts at free unions, from a collapsed health service to conditions inside factories. ▷


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*by A. R. Khan and E. Lee*

In the wake of the official criticism of past policies and institutions vast changes have been introduced in rural China in recent years, particularly since 1979. The purpose of this monograph is to analyse some of these changes and consists of two essays on interrelated topics; the first looks at overall changes in rural institutions in China in recent years; and the second analyses the effect of recent organisational changes on work incentive, employment and income distribution.
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**Agrarian policies and rural poverty in Africa**
*Edited by D. Ghai and S. Radwan*

Little comparative work has been done on rural poverty, income distribution and agrarian change in Africa until recently. This study aims to fill this gap. In the nine country studies covering Botswana, Ghana, the Ivory Coast, Kenya, Malawi, Mozambique, Nigeria, Somalia and Zambia, an attempt is made to provide a quantitative and qualitative profile of rural poverty and income distribution and to evaluate the impact of state policies on them especially with respect to land tenure, public expenditure and resource extraction from the rural areas.
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**Labour co-operatives: Retrospect and prospects**
*by Raymond Louis*

The author investigates the potential of labour co-operatives for the creation of jobs, the initiation of new economic activities and the improvement of living and working conditions. He puts forward suggestions to elaborate and implement a scheme to promote the development of labour co-operatives among the most underprivileged sections of society.
ISBN 92-2-103012-1 (limp) £7.15
ISBN 92-2-103011-3 (hard) £10.00

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The four activists have devoted their lives to the dangerous business of watching and reporting on Polish society and are now to be tried for suggesting that the Polish authorities should fulfil civic guarantees that are written into the Polish constitution. This constitution proclaims religious toleration, freedom for ideological difference of opinion and freedom of speech and publication. It also declares Poland to be an independent state. The KOR activists are to be prosecuted for their insistence on proclaiming their belief that reality (Poland today) doesn't match appearance (Poland's constitution).

The crucial feature of the Indictment is that it purports to establish that the activists were aiming to overthrow the political system by violence – yet far from trying to *overthrow* the political system, KSS-KOR saw its role as agitating for alterations *within* that system, recalling it to its self-proclaimed attributes and intentions. KSS-KOR, along with the majority of Poles, disliked Poland's subservience to the USSR, but they accepted the status quo and always emphasised that it provided the outer limit of their activities.

The government under Gierek, Kania and Jaruzelski has consistently claimed to be of and for the society as a whole: slowly improving standards in health, education, welfare; increasing industrial output; creating a sovereign and independent state. KSS-KOR demolished such myths and gained an immediate and massive audience among those deprived of the privileges accruing to those who belong to the Party-State apparatus. There are whole libraries of evidence accummulated by KSS-KOR on the sackings, beatings and murders committed by the Party-State between 1976-81. At its height, it was publishing (as the Indictment concedes) 100,000 bulletins monthly. Far from speaking against national interest, it spoke for it.

The Indictment is crowded with *non sequiturs*. The regime should also be worried by the standard of legal training given to its military lawyers. By the end, Colonel Kubala, who drew up the Indictment, was reduced to charges such as that Kuron et al 'often resorted to mockery, paradox, appearance of truth or erudition, or simply falsehood'. If we take only one example – the claim that the KOR four used the threat of a Soviet invasion to whip up anti-state aggression – the paucity of the prosecution case is clear. Deputy Premier Rakowski, other Politburo members, even Jaruzelski himself, frequently hinted during 1981 that, if Solidarity didn't curtail itself, then the Soviet Union might.

Far from taking a hostile stance to the Soviet Union *per se*, KSS-KOR frequently stated that they wished to recognise the inevitable – Poland's close ties with the USSR – and improve on it, by re-organising Polish society along lines of public accountability, thus converting Poland from an abject colony to a willing partner. This, in turn, would bring immense political and economic benefits to both countries.

The Polish authorities have recognised the flimsiness of the Indictment by making an offer to the KSS-KOR four: if you agree to emigrate, the trial won't go ahead. The chances are that they will *not* all agree – if only because it might look like a retraction after a decade of resistance.

If the trial is held *in camera*, no one will believe that the defendants received a fair trial. If held publicly, the trial will offer the accused a perfect opportunity to vindicate themselves at the cost of the regime. If it's not held at all, hardliners in Poland and the Soviet Union will be without their heretics, their explanation of what happened in 1980-'81. Whatever happens in the next month, it is the voice of modest sanity that will be on trial. □


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NAMIBIA

# Death machine

## Denis Herbstein on a vicious tool in South Africa's arsenal

SOUTH AFRICA'S WAR of colonial pacification in Namibia has a habit of keeping out of the news. However, from a medley of court evidence, briefings to defence correspondents and private information, it is possible to assemble a murky picture of the most secret and notorious arm of the colonial forces, described by one of its own officers as a 'machine of death'.

*Koevoet* is the Afrikaans world for 'crowbar' ('an iron bar with a wedge-shaped end used as a lever or prise') and it is the sinister name of a South African police 'counter-insurgency' unit granted virtual *carte blanche* in the northern Namibian war zone. The extermination squad is said to be responsible for as many as three quarters of the war deaths in Ovamboland and Okavangoland, where support for the SWAPO liberation movement is massive.

Political assassination, weeks-long torture sessions, the burning down of mission property, all figure in its bag of tricks. Its malign presence was confirmed last month at an inquest in Rundu, capital of the Kavango bantustan. John Hamakwaya had died from a head injury while in police detention. This time the judge did not believe the official explanation: 'fell down the stairs'. Death, he found, was caused by an unlawful act or omission by unidentified members of *Koevoet*.

*Koevoet's* existence first came to light three years ago, with the 'discovery' by SWAPO of a death list containing some 50 names – assassinations to be carried out by *Koevoet*. Some of those listed were already under arrest or missing, others were already dead. David Sheehama, a wealthy Ovambo businessman and, almost certainly, a contributor to SWAPO funds, had been shot in cold blood in his house. The inquest magistrate dutifully blamed the insurgents. Some time later, when an expert blew up the Anglican seminary at Odibo, the *Windhoek Observer*, organ of the outspoken Afrikaans editor Hannes Smith, ran the headline: '*Koevoet* chief denies his unit is a political murder squad.' Like the Spaniards under Franco, you learn to read between the lines.

*Koevoet* was founded in 1978 with 60 men. By last year, it had swollen to a thousand strong. Blacks are the numerical and active service backbone of the unit – Ovambos and Okavangos, mainly; though one is an Angolan, who had formerly served with Savimbi's Unita dissidents. Jobs are not easy to come by in Namibia and the pay, training and unusual regard of their white masters can be irresistible in a country where war is by far the biggest employer of adult males. Some 'elite' blacks are taken 1,500 miles across the subcontinent to Natal province to receive special operations training. But the majority pass through the police counter-insurgency centre based outside Oshikati, in Ovamboland, under the command of Brigadier Hans Dreyer. (One white officer admitted that he was a veteran of the South African police detachment which fought for Ian Smith's Rhodesia in the civil war – thus are skills acquired and passed on, domino fashion.)

*Koevoet* has a two-pronged strategy: to gather information, then to exterminate the 'enemy'. Its men go out in posses of 30 to 40, led by white officers and transported in Casspir armed personnel carriers. Picture the scene. They drive into a SWAPO ambush and a man is killed. At the nearest village, they establish that the guerrillas have been given food. Bootprints give the game away; a rifle-butt on the skull of the headman elicits confirmation. Though the villagers, caught in the crossfire, might have provided aid out of fear of disobeying SWAPO, they are rounded up and the men and boys arrested – if they are lucky. The unlucky ones will be shot and probably included in the statistics of 'terr' kills.

If villagers, or genuine guerrillas for that matter, are arrested, they may end up in the interrogation centre at Oshakati, held under the spurious legality of Proclamation AG9, which allows for incommunicado detention for 30 days without access to family, friends, lawyer or priest. Thirty days are more than enough. 'We have skilled interrogators,' a *Koevoet* officer explains. Many die before their time is up. The police are not obliged to reveal the names of political detainees,



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nor is there a set of regulations as to how detainees should be treated. In this respect, Namibia lags behind even South Africa.

In a region of Namibia where almost everybody is for SWAPO, local boys who join *Koevoet* are not very popular. They are allowed to take their sub-machine guns home with them when off duty. The Angolan mentioned earlier spent a drunken furlough shooting a headman and wounding villagers in several kraals, loosing off a hand-grenade at another man and trying to rape two women, all the while posing as a SWAPO guerrilla.

And this is where the dirty tricks approach of *Koevoet* is at its most sinister. In a small village near Oshikuku, 'terrorists' (meaning SWAPO) lined eight people up against a wall and shot them. In fact, the assassins were government troops and, among them, was the well-known face of a *Koevoet* commander. With AK-47s and Kalashnikovs captured from the Angolans and SWAPO prisoners, or simply bought on the open market, South Africa has found it easy to indulge in this political transvestism – even if the villagers are rarely fooled.

So, when a police officer claims that 'for every 25 guerrillas shot and killed by *Koevoet* the South African armed forces have shot only one', it might be traditional police-army rivalry. Or a definition of the term 'guerrilla' stretched to include women, old men and terrified children running for cover; even goats; even the occasional own goal, as when a group of policemen, dressed in SWAPO gear, were gunned down by another set of policemen.

In Argentina, the *desaparecidos* created an outcry. In Namibia, you can't be sure whether a brother or son who is missing is in prison, dead, or in exile in Angola. In the last case, better to say nothing.

*Koevoet* is part of a wider South African strategy to delay a settlement in Namibia. Pretoria has created a battalion of white and black Angolans, the 32nd, which operates across the border indulging in a form of 'neutralisation', while, in southern parts of Namibia, both free-lance right-wing extremist groups and the security police harass SWAPO officials and their followers (the organisation exists in a twilight world, not illegal, but not tolerated by the authorities).

By now, it is obvious that, in a free election, SWAPO would gain a Mugabe-style victory. So why does Prime Minister Piet Botha simply not cut his losses and pull out? The answer could be that he is using Namibia as a laboratory to prepare for the far greater battle to come, for South Africa itself. The indigenous arms industry is booming; white youths are conditioned by two years conscription in the 'operational area'; the bantustan militia make their contribution to the feverish escalation. There is also the wider strategy of destabilising the black neighbours. South Africa's two-year occupation of a vast tract of south western Angola could only have been achieved from the springboard of illegally-occupied Namibia.

And if the estimate of 100,000 men under the wing of the South African security forces is correct, then a lot of well armed, well trained Namibians will be around to disturb a future SWAPO government. □

## THIS ENGLAND

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☐ Sir William Browne's Medals are offered for competition as follows: One for a Greek Ode, or Greek Elegy, on *Gather ye rose buds*; one for a Latin Ode, or Latin Elegy, on *Orion*; one for a Greek epigram on *The Classics Faculty Building*; one for a Latin Epigram on *Nuclear Deterrents*. – *Cambridge University Reporter* (Mark Goldie)

☐ By 1917, with every young man away in the trenches, Keynes and Lytton Strachey were dating girls; the Higher Sodomy had proved not to be an ultimate truth but a matter of supply and demand. – *Sunday Times* (Jack Thornton)

☐ The Shadow Transport Secretary, Mr John Prescott, will swim along the Thames on Tuesday next week in protest at the Government's dumping of nuclear waste at sea. The MP will swim two miles to Westminster carrying a letter to Mrs Thatcher from the four major transport unions demanding an end to dumping. – *Guardian* (Fred Riley)

☐ To cast an eye down the lists of desirable properties in the advertisements is to see that there is an almost endless supply of homes in all parts, at all prices, for all manner of mankind. It seems inconceivable that a substantial number of people should find themselves without a roof over their heads. – *The Times* (Simon Gold)


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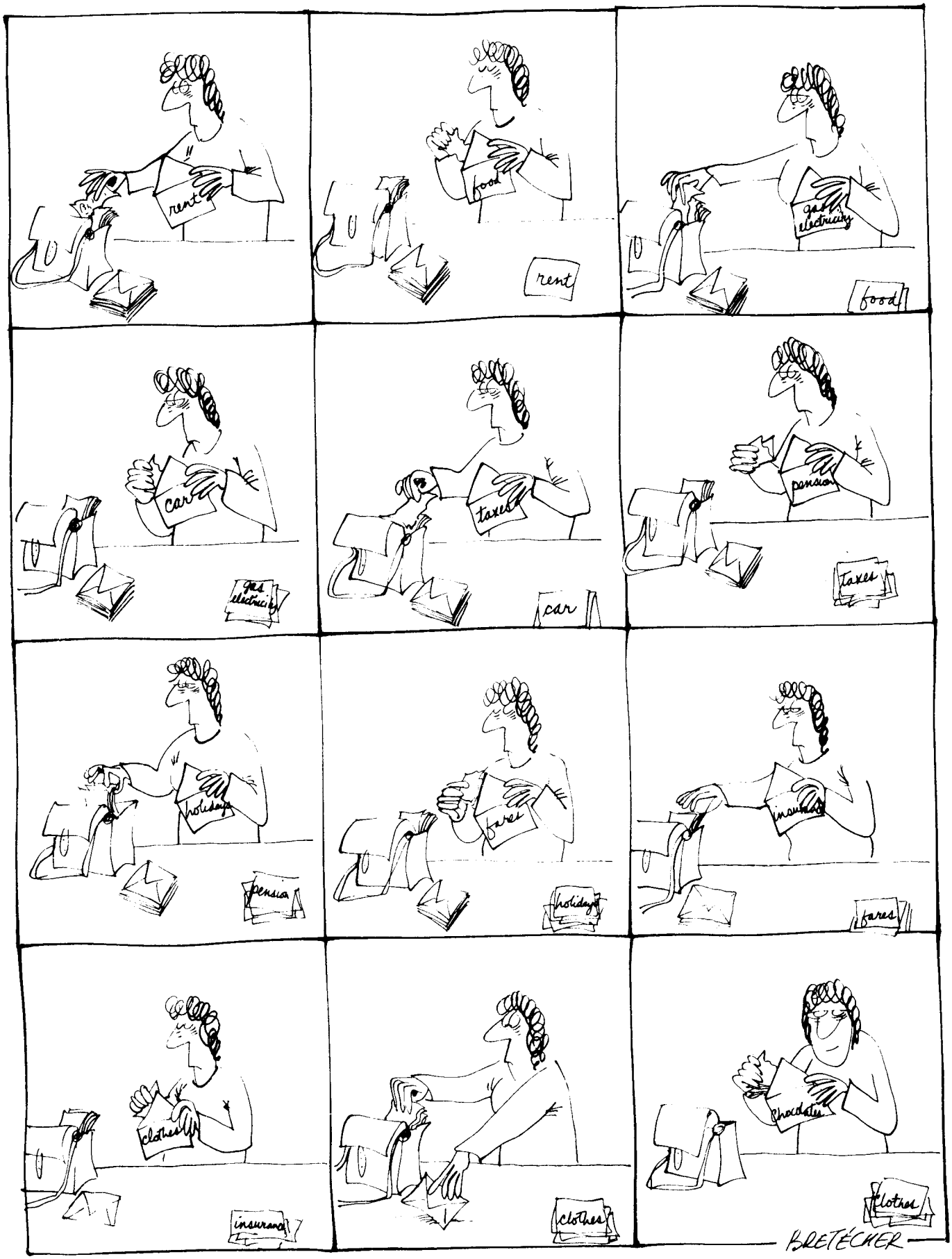
# BRETÉCHER
## A RAINY DAY



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# LETTERS

## Police racism: the last word

*John Fernandes, Weybridge, Surrey*

Yet again, the issue of racism within the police and the union is being evaded by the NATFHE leadership. The Secretaries of the Barnet and Brent Liaison Committees (Letters 11 November) claim that the complaint being brought against four white members of the NATFHE Kilburn Branch executive is by 'one or more ordinary members'. But these two Secretaries know that the complaint is in the name of the Metropolitan Police Cadet School branch of NATFHE, and not just any 'one or more ordinary members'.

It was NATFHE that encouraged and helped create this new and separate branch at the Police Cadet School, while the dispute was on; it is this same branch that opposed the anti-racist stand taken by the Kilburn branch; it is this same branch that has members who colluded with the police in the destruction of the anti-racist course I devised for the cadets; and it is this branch to which NATFHE has given whole-hearted support and encouragement throughout the dispute. The Rule 8 complaint, it should be added, has been endorsed by the appropriate sub-committee of the National Executive. Seen in this context, the conclusion can only be that the NATFHE leadership is out to purge and discourage lecturers who take an active anti-racist stand, and to support those members who collude with racism.

It was because of my action in exposing the racism at the Police Cadet School that I got involved and took part in all the actions of which the four white Kilburn executive members are being accused. I have not been served with a Rule 8. How racist can NATFHE be?

NATFHE may want to give the impression that this small group acted on its own. This was not so. We acted with other members of the Kilburn branch, on behalf of decisions taken by that branch – collective action in action!

Contrary to assertions made in previous letters, I did ask for support from NATFHE, verbally on a number of occasions and in a letter to the National Executive Council. The first response I had was from the Secretary of the Outer London Region, who, having checked on my union subscription and discovered a temporary lapse in the payment of my dues, threatened to strip me of the various executive posts that I held at the time. I was told by the Secretary of the Brent Liaison Committee and the Regional Official that I had to be realistic and willing to compromise and negotiate with the police. I was warned that I could lose my job for failing to do so. To accept casework on these terms would have meant to refuse to confront the issue of racism and to give the police the right to decide what was taught and by whom at the Cadet School.

I am told that strength comes from 'unified collective action'. Where were the leaders of NATFHE when I was sacked by the Police? They were, in fact, having secret talks with the Police – negotiations that have left the issue of racism unchallenged.

## Ending female circumcision

*Peter Davies, Director, Anti-Slavery Society*

Readers of Deborah Pugh's article on female circumcision (*NS* 11 November) may be interested to know that the Anti-Slavery Society has been working to combat the practice for nearly 70 years. It was largely as a result of the Society's efforts that the practice was made illegal in the Sudan as long ago as 1947.

But Efua Stella Graham is right when she places emphaisis on the need to educate women so that they themselves will no longer submit to the mutilation nor allow their daughters to be mutilated. This now forms the basis of the Society's activities in Africa. Working with African women's organisations and with the cooperation of health authorities, when this is possible, we provide information, educational aids of various kinds and money so that experienced women from one country can advise and help their sisters in another.

Largely as a result of the Society's initiative, a seminar on 'Traditional practices affecting the health of women and children' will be held in Dakar from 6-10 February 1984 with participation both official and unofficial from 21 countries in Africa. The seminar is being organised by the government of Senegal with assistance from the World Health Organisation and UNICEF.

Once women realise the danger of female circumcision and the vast improvement in their physical and psychological health which will certainly result from its discontinuance there will be no demand to have the operation performed, abroad any more than at home. In the meantime, Lord Kennet's Bill to forbid the practice in the UK is very necessary and is most welcome.

## Provisional tactics

*Henry Patterson, Ulster Polytechnic*

I thought I had become inured to Mary Holland's promotion of the idea that Sinn Fein is a progressive party, usually through the omission of important facts about the situation in Ireland, north and south. However, her latest piece, 'Provos go to Dublin' (*NS* 11 November), was particularly distasteful.

We are told that 'when discussing the political advance of Sinn Fein I have been reminded of the progress of the Liberals during their heyday in cities such as Liverpool'. A week ago, the armed wing of Sinn Fein, whose actions are fully endorsed by the 'articulate and politically sophisticated' Danny Morrison, exploded a bomb, containing 3lbs of high explosive surrounded by shrapnel, which had been placed in the ceiling of a lecture room in the Poly where I work. It killed two policemen – 'legitimate targets', according to the sophisticated Mr Morrison. It also seriously injured a student and a lecturer. In her enthusiasm for the 'impressive record in community politics' of the Provos, Holland fails to inform your readers of such inconvenient facts.

In her discussion of a forthcoming by-election in Dublin Central, she refers to another example of Provo community involvement – 'persuading' heroin pushers to leave an area in the constituency. In Northern Ireland, Provo 'persuasion' has tended to mean the destruction of elbow and knee joints by bullets and concrete blocks, for anything from petty thieving to joy-riding. By all means have the recent developments in Sinn Fein discussed in your columns, but why not try and ensure a degree of objectivity?

## Liberals still intact

*John Tilley, Kingston upon Thames*

Your review of the book *The Battle for Bermondsey* (*NS* 4 November) encouraged me to get a copy and read it. In fact, I re-read it, searching for what Nicholas Murray claimed was an economical demolition of the Liberals' 'community politics'. I found no such thing.

There are short references to the Liberals, which in most cases merely give Peter Tatchell's reasonably subjective view; otherwise, there are one or two examples quoted from Liberal leaflets. There is no real analysis of the difference between the Liberal activists' community politics and Tatchell's self-styled 'grass roots community socialism'. The over-riding impression I got was that Peter Tatchell has very little knowledge of the type of community politics practised by Liberals in Southwark and Bermondsey, or of why the Liberals were able to provide the effective alternative to him in the area.

Why, for example, was O'Grady, the right-wing Labourite, not able to do this? The book quotes how the press, particularly the *Daily Express*, tried to write off the Liberal candidate Simon Hughes and how even the *Guardian* reported that the Liberal and Tory were struggling for third place behind Tatchell and O'Grady. It is not good enough to blame it all on the media and the polls. The polls changed in the Liberals' favour in spite of the early media attempts to write off the Liberal candidate. The book offers no explanation for this significant fact.

Any demolition of the Liberals' community politics in Bermondsey would at least bring a study of the by-election onto a realistic basis. This book is notable for its inadequate approach to what is a political question; that is why inner city Labour seats on councils and in Parliament are falling to the Liberals.

## Christmas behind bars

*Abdul Minty, Anti-Apartheid Movement, 13 Selous Street, London NW1 0DW*

This year will be the 21st Christmas that Nelson Mandela will have spent separated from his family because of his continuing incarceration in the dungeons of apartheid. The trials and tribulations of the Mandela family are not unique. There will be hundreds of families of Namibian and South African political prisoners who will miss their mothers or fathers, daughters or sons this year.

May I therefore take this opportunity to invite your readers to send Christmas and New Year greetings to the banned and banished, and to the families of political prisoners, and of those who have been executed or murdered in detention in South Africa and Namibia. For the hundreds of courageous persons who are persecuted by the apartheid laws, such greetings are both welcomed and appreciated. Please write to us for a list of names and addresses enclosing an SAE.


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Camera Press

**Red Square bashing – Russia's guardsmen put on their daily show**

Fred Halliday

# The imagined menace

**The Threat:**
**Inside the Soviet Military Machine**
ANDREW COCKBURN *Hutchinson* £9.95
**World Power: Soviet Foreign Policy**
**Under Brezhnev and Andropov**
JONATHAN STEELE *Michael Joseph* £14.95

As Andrew Cockburn tells it, the West spends billions of dollars every year gathering information about the Soviet Union's military capabilities. The result, suitably processed through the analytic and political channels of various states, is the familiar picture of 'the threat', of an increasingly powerful and dangerous military power to which the West must respond in kind by building up its own war-making potential.

Cockburn has taken a different approach, and comes to dramatically divergent conclusions. He has travelled the few miles from his Manhattan apartment to Brighton Beach, the Brooklyn suburb where many of the tens of thousands of recent emigrants from the USSR to America now live. There he has ferreted out those who have served in the Soviet armed forces and, combining their information with the material available from other sources, has come up with a re-evaluation of the threat. It is a great read, but with dubious implications.

His central thesis is that western politicians have for years been involved in 'threat inflation', exaggerating Soviet strength to justify their own programmes, and ignoring the many signs of Soviet blunder and failure. He reveals a Soviet technology many years behind that of the West. Rocket troops deploy carefully lathed wooden missiles; the Red Square parade-ground corps never learns to fight; new jet planes can stay in the air for only a few minutes; tanks and artillery can only be used easily by left-handed midgets, who themselves run the risk of being loaded instead of the shells.

Above all, Cockburn brings out a human picture that is far from the martial image imagined in the West: of corruption, absenteesim, favouritism, harsh discipline, racial violence and, at every turn and in every corner of the Soviet Union's vast expanse, inebriation on vodka, anti-freeze, brake-fluid and whatever else is available.

Through chapter after chapter, this savage denigration continues without relenting. Recruitment, officer training, land, sea and air equipment – all seem to be shot through with corruption, the equipment tied together with string. The manner in which Soviet capabilities are distorted and exaggerated by western military men and arms manufacturers eager to get higher appropriations is devastatingly portrayed.

As a study in the generation of myth, this book is excellent. But there are disconcerting undertones to the argument. The thesis seems to go against the militarism of the West's 'threat inflators', but it can just as well serve as grist to the first-strikers and Reaganites. For what Cockburn's argument suggests is that the USSR is so weak that the West can force it to give ground, and even that a nuclear first strike could succeed. If, as we are told, the whole of the Soviet military machine is drunk on New Year's eve, then 1984 could plausibly start with a US or even British missile assault on Moscow. The portrayal of the Soviet military as so weak is also dangerous. It is inaccurate in not giving us a balanced evaluation of Soviet capabilities, and because it lacks any comparison with the forces and morale of the West. But it also allows of one of the most pernicious themes of the new cold war: that anti-Russian racism which seeks to portray the Soviet Union as both weak and barbarian. Every counter-revolutionary, from Sidney Reilly to General Sir John Hackett, has used this to encourage hatred and aggressiveness against the USSR. Those who mistakenly shoot down Korean airliners are outside civilisation. Those who bomb mental hospitals in Grenada are only ill-informed. There is a racist tinge in the portrait of the Russians as just a bunch of foul-mouthed *muzhiks* pretending to be a great power, 'Upper Volta with rockets' as Moscow diplomatic chat puts it.

This loathing also serves a deep psychological need in western societies, namely that of repressing the unease which World War II produced in western Europe. For it was the Red Army, not the heroes of Dunkirk and Singapore, who defeated Nazi Germany. And there is much in the anti-Sovietism of the cold war that is an aggressive attempt to deny this basic historic reality. If the Russian forces did have a slug of vodka before going into battle, the end result is still not in question.

There is another problem in Cockburn's account, namely the absence of politics. His analysis is a good example of what has been termed 'the bureaucratic theory of the arms race', the idea that the military production of West and East is determined by internal pressures within governments and the mimetic practices of competing general staffs. There is much in this, but it is only the wider skein of world events that can explain what the political priorities of governments and populations are, and why they accept and pay for the weapons of war. This catches Cockburn out, for he flies in the face of the evidence in arguing that there is a Soviet military-industrial complex: Khrushchev's firing of Zhukov in 1957 is not mentioned, and Brezhnev's dismissal of virtually all the military commanders in western Russia in 1980, almost certainly the result of a dispute over Poland, hardly proves his case.

IT IS THIS political dimension which Jonathan Steele so ably provides in his study of Soviet foreign policy, by far the best informed, most judicious and geographically balanced study of the subject yet to appear. Steele shows that the concepts of Soviet 'expansionism' and 'adventurism' are vacu-



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ous, that the Russians want security and respect rather than control of other states, and that they have patiently pursued detente and negotiation in the face of growing American hostility.

The great strength of Steele's book is its combination of first-hand observation and knowledge of the Russian language and people, with careful reading of other published material. The discussion of eastern and western Europe is particularly revealing, demonstrating that the Russians subsidise the former economically, while wanting good relations with a capitalist but non-aligned grouping in the latter.

A few of his emphases can be debated. He underplays Soviet gains in the Third World under Brezhnev, by separating off Vietnam and downplaying Russia's advances in Africa. There is rather too little analysis of just how inferior the USSR is to the USA in economic and military terms. And Afghanistan may not be quite as 'hopeless' as he makes out: Lt.-Col. Colin Mitchell's recent despatches in *The Sunday Telegraph* must have heartened the Soviet Ministry of Defence – on the reasonable assumption, of course, that they were sober enough to read the translation. □

## FICTION
Marion Glastonbury

# Lonesome heroes

**The Expedition to the Baobab Tree**
WILMA STOCKENSTRÖM *Faber* £2.50
**Anna's Book**
GEORGE MACBETH *Cape* £7.95
**The Birth Machine**
ELIZABETH BAINES *Women's Press* £2.95
**Blue Rise**
REBECCA HILL *Michael Joseph* £8.95
**Coup de Grâce**
MARGUERITE YOURCENAR *Aidan Ellis* £7.95

> I opened my mouth and brought out a sound that must be the sound of a human being because I am a human being and not a wildebeeste that snorts nor a horned locust that produces whistling noises with its wings and not an ostrich that booms, but a human being that talks, and I brought out a sound and produced an accusation and hurled it up at the twilight air.

Shades of Mr Chadband! This extravagant rhetoric comes from **The Expedition to the Baobab Tree** by Wilma Stockenström, an ornate meditation on primeval slavery that has been translated from the original Afrikaans by Booker Award winner J. M. Coetzee and is said, by the blurb, to refer to the oppression of women. A heavily veiled intention creates hazy effects. Still, among the shimmering flora and fauna of a lush landscape, there lurks a theme common to several stories on this week's list: the reckless dignity of solitude; the prize of self-determination. Though bred to dependency and schooled in subservience, the protagonist learns, through neglect, desertion and bereavement, to stand alone.

In the limbo of the veld, time stops and names lose their meanings. The anonymous narrator, abducted in infancy for concubinage, now stranded, belonging nowhere, owned only by herself, stumbles on the ruins of ancient settlements and collects the fragmentary artefacts of forgotten tribes. Is she nestbuilding from scratch? Her lost children, estranged companions and former patrons appear as ghostly, alien and enigmatic in memory as are the unknown hunter-gatherers who bring her succour, and are ultimately slaughtered. If any oblique allusion to contemporary Azanian servitude is implied here, I missed it.

The ends of the earth which attract the poetic imagination must be tackled in practice with a degree of technical competence that few poets possess. Hence the proliferation of diversionary metaphor whenever factual information is required in **Anna's Book**, George MacBeth's account of a doomed polar expedition in 1897. When an engineer starts to explain to the Swedish Geographical Society how a hot-air balloon works, we hear instead 'the eerie keening of some prophet, the acolyte or monstrant of a strange new god'. Period costumes, art nouveau and an operatic première set the cultural scene; Swedenborg's grandson and August Strindberg are among the props. The hero's missives from the snowy wastes are interspersed with the chronicle of their romance written by his nubile fiancée, who draws attention to her voluptuous charms with all the subtlety of a pantomime dame.

Elizabeth Baines has the advantage of experiencing a female body at first hand, and there's no doubting the authenticity of the sensations recorded in **The Birth Machine**. Zelda Harris, loyal wife of a medical researcher, is not sure what to expect of the elaborate obstetric technology that is brought to bear upon her first delivery. As her labour takes its course along lines dismayingly at odds with those laid down in the professor's notes, nurses, students, house-surgeons and consultants seem equally baffled. Meanwhile, Zelda is haunted by visions and legends of childhood: dolls and witches; nice surprises and sudden death; mother's kitchen; playmates' den. The technique of flickering flashback (which sometimes conveys through sensitive reminiscence the false impression that most women have infinite leisure for the observation of minute particulars) is peculiarly suited to the hallucinatory spasms of someone immobilised by an intravenous drip. By the time Zelda's initiation into motherhood is complete, she has had her fill of institutions, including marriage, and escapes with the baby into a happy prospect of open space.

A further declaration of independence comes from Jeannine, who has escaped from the eponymous **Blue Rise** of Rebecca Hill's lively first novel. After an increasingly dissatisfied decade of housekeeping and post-graduate work in Des Moines, she returns to rural Mississippi, rediscovering in her farming roots a reminder of her original reasons for choosing Larry, her husband, as a means of deliverance. Fecund cousins swarm as thickly as fire ants. Pious widows give thanks on Father's Day for the departed spouses who battered them regularly in life. Not for nothing is this valley called Gethsemane. Among Southern Baptists, God's crowd is the in-crowd. Their picnics and prayer-meetings are as rich and dense as sweet potato pie with marshmallows.

Notwithstanding the incisive irony with which Jeannine, a professional psychologist, dissects her in-laws, the overhaul of her own marriage is a lot less interesting than the panorama of domestic martyrdom in the Bible Belt. Enter Laura, the cute spontaneous well-adjusted five-year-old who exists only to prove that mommy's done a great job. By the end, the author's own crisis-handling gospel of personal redemption sounds as spurious as old-fashioned soul-saving: 'Are you part of America's sickness or part of America's health?'

They order these things differently in France. Academician Marguerite Yourcenar, now resident in Maine, prefaces the English version of her tragic récit **Coup de Grâce**, first published in 1939, with a disquisition on its conformity with the designs of Racine and Corneille, before listing the errors of interpretation which may befall the naïve or inattentive reader. Don't be deterred. This is a good historical read, set in the war-torn Balkans during the Revolution. Erich, a Prussian officer, is campaigning against the Bolsheviks alongside an aristocratic Russian comrade whose sister Sophie is as passionate, principled, aloofly vulnerable and triumphantly isolated as anyone could wish. □

Michèle Roberts

# bangkok breakfast

the monk
stands
under a flowering tree
prodigal with sweetness
women come women go
and come with earthen pots
to fill his, thus their own
torn flesh of priestlessness
lacking substance they
subsist on his
spare shadow
stain his robes
which burn with sacrifice
to make their merit, food
and beggar both they give
men and children suck
for their salvation, their
coin of vile body
seeds the ground
prodigal
with sweetness
under a flowering tree
the monk
stands



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## Margaret Thatcher: Wife, Mother, Politician

PENNY JUNOR *Sidgwick* £8.95

Once upon a time there lived a little girl, she was called Margaret Hilda Roberts. She lived over a grocer's shop in a small town called Grantham. Her father, the grocer, was big and strong and authoritarian. Her mother, the grocer's wife, was small and plain and knew her place.

Margaret was very good and extremely clean, she didn't play with the naughty children. She didn't play at all. She worked at her homework and she went to church three times on Sundays. Her recreation periods were spent in the company of lower-middle-class Tories of the town.

Margaret had many gifts, she remembered facts. She kept the rules. She was fair of face and kept her knickers clean. But Margaret lacked the most precious gift of all, she couldn't have a good laugh, and without this Margaret grew up to think that she was very important and superior. She looked with contempt at gigglers and guffawers. She despised them for the time they wasted chuckling and chortling.

After many years of homework Margaret became the Prime Minister of Great Britain. She became very powerful. The people were in awe of her. 'See' – parents cried to their recalcitrant children – 'what can happen if you do your homework'. Margaret took tea with the Queen. She flew to foreign lands. She sent men to war. But she was not loved. She sent for experts. 'Make the people love me', she begged. Mr Saatchi and Mr Saatchi pondered long. They changed her voice, her hair, her clothes. Yet still the people were in awe of her. 'Make me human!' Margaret cried.

So one day a woman called Penny Junor wrote a book called *Margaret Thatcher: Wife, Mother, Politician*. (She called it this because in between homework Margaret had married and had twins, a nice girl called Carol and a horrid boy called Mark.) A photograph was chosen for the cover, it showed Margaret looking beautiful and efficient and many people bought the book.

But Lo! When they read the book they became angry for they discovered on page 203 that the book was a compilation of 12 other books, and contained no hints about feeding babies or placating husbands. Eventually the weighty tome fell into the hands of laughers and smirkers, and when they saw the photographs inside the book they hooted and howled in derision.

The photograph between pages 54-55 of Margaret talking to the Dustmen of Dartford sent them mad with delight, but alas Margaret and Penny couldn't see the joke.

And, to this day, Margaret is still unloved.

**Sue Townsend**

## Voices

FREDERIC PROKOSCH *Faber* £8.95

This is a book which is hard to swallow, let alone digest. Frederic Prokosch, an American-in-Europe writer familiar (I am told) to select côteries, whose precocious first novel *The Asiatics* had considerable success in the 1930s, has written his memoirs around the conversations he has had with the literary lions of the 20th century. Hardly anyone, from Eliot and Joyce to Hemingway and Nabokov, is missing, for Prokosch vowed from an early age that he would meet them all on his lifetime's 'journey in search of the artist as a hero, as an enigma, as a martyr, as a revelation, and finally as a fragment of humanity'.

As one might expect, this turns out to be a highly romantic quest in which the pilgrim is fortunately adjudged brilliant, handsome and charming. The prose in which it is couched resuscitates a virtually archaic tradition of belles-lettres, dripping with local colour and quivering with aesthetic sensitivity – even a cup of coffee has 'an insinuating opulence'. Prokosch is dedicated to art, beauty, friendship, and underneath it all runs (of course) a vein of dissatisfaction and loneliness. His most lastingly tender feelings apparently centre on a series of American convertibles which he uses for his marathon celebrity-hopping trips.

His success with the famous is literally incredible. He simply walks up to them, presents himself, and launches into questions of astonishing naïveté, such as 'Is there a test for ultimate greatness?' or 'How do you feel about Dostoevsky?' No one – not even Virginia Woolf up to her ears in galley proofs nor the severely cloistered Santayana – shuts the door on him or asks him to come back later. Blessed with 'total recall', Prokosch also scribbled it all down immediately afterwards, so one must accept the accuracy of the record, even though it becomes somewhat disconcerting when F. R. Leavis is made to sound suspiciously like Guy Burgess.

Yet given such a cast, it would be impossible to fail completely, and most of the encounters raise at least a flicker of interest: Brecht, for instance, is described after an acidulous evening in a New York bar as 'a bully at heart', and Virginia Woolf labels *Ulysses* 'a wild miscalculation'. The one deeply satisfying moment occurs at some literary function when Edmund Wilson accidentally drops a mayonnaise-soaked shrimp on to the elaborate coiffure of the enthroned Edith Sitwell. But we get little more than glimpses of anybody, nor can the material stand up as either biography or literary criticism. Or even gossip – Prokosch is far too respectful for that, and it all leaves the depressing effect of a snobbish dilettantism.

**Rupert Christiansen**

## Fathers – Reflections by Daughters

ed. URSULA OWEN *Virago* £5.50

What do daughters feel about fathers? The question loosely framing this collection is answered in a range of distinct tones and different registers. Personal memoirs, poems, polemic and analysis from 18 contributors have been drawn together and set in counterpoint to quotations from literary, psychoanalytic and sociological sources.

The subject, we see at once, is infinite. But since most of these writers are genuinely absorbed in detective work – some intent on tracing the social and historical contours of individual experience, many impelled by a need to solve personal conundrums – the undertaking is richly rewarded.

No single pattern emerges, but themes overlap and interlock. Fathers are often absent – absent from continuity with female experience, absented by the breadwinner's role, often exiled from emotional closeness with daughters by the structures of family life and the prescriptions of masculinity (in one case, through death, never known). It is an absence so significant that it has the force of a presence. Dinah Brooke's obsessive yearning for her father to be there, when he had mentally withdrawn from the world and from paternal responsibility, is singular testimony to the paradoxes of feminine need and fatherly influences.

Emotions are confronted with varying degrees of candour. Obliqueness actually broadens the scope: Cora Kaplan's psychoanalytic approach to Elizabeth Barrett Browning's life and writing; the anthropologist's insights brought by Olivia Harris, who reminds us of the cultural specificity of the father's role: God the Father is an Englishman of a certain type – white (like all the fathers here) and middle class (all but one). Sara Maitland also uses religious metaphor to describe a benevolent but unassailable patriarch, his authority underwritten by economic and class privilege that makes him a closer embodiment of the symbolic than any other described.

Only two contributors (one scarred by incest) have run out of hope for their fathers. Others display ambivalence, regret, but love is not in question. An enchanted and untroubled daughter, Angela Carter gives us a shining portrait of a Scottish wizard. Doris Lessing presents a poignant testament of understanding, filled with a sense of loss.

Some fathers refract other, specific, concerns – notably in pieces by Julia O'Faolain, Grace Paley and Adrienne Rich. But the pressing subtext elsewhere is the construction of masculinity itself, not as an abstraction, but in the contradictory lives of individuals. Engaging directly with this, Sheila Rowbotham wrestles with the past in a struggle to see beyond her own difficult emotions and reach a sense of her father 'as he was to himself'. This book's intensely suggestive echoes will help many readers in the pursuit of such a goal.

**Liz Heron**

## The Caesars

ALLAN MASSIE *Secker* £12.50

Allan Massie's study of Roman emperors from Julius Caesar (born 100 BC) to Domitian (died 96 AD) is intended as a companion volume to *The Twelve Caesars (De Vita Caesarum)* of Suetonius, that most readable of classical histories. In this case, companionship usually takes the form of providing the lump of salt with which Suetonius should be accompanied. Massie's account is also a useful corrective to other ancient historians – notably Suetonius's axe-grinding contemporary, Tacitus – and to the *Claudius* novels of Robert Graves, which rate high for entertainment, somewhat lower for historicity. Conscientiously, the author exposes the various misconceptions that colour the popular impression of his subjects. Occasionally, though, he does seem a little over-contradictory, as when he advances possible explanations for some of the bizarre conduct attributed to Caligula.

Suetonius, like Tacitus, accepted the ancient belief that personal character was immutable from birth. If, accordingly, an emperor began his reign well before lapsing into tyranny, as did Caligula and Nero, it was simply that his evil impulses had been initially masked by hypocrisy. Traditionally, too, both writers took a centripetal view of Roman history, considering events in the provinces only insofar as they affected Rome. As imperial excesses were mainly felt within the city itself, this view led to distorted evaluations. Certainly for Tacitus, Tiberius's purge of the Senate entirely overshadowed his skilful administration of the empire. Massie, conversely, examines the circumstances that produced tyranny, and while he is unable to abandon the centripetal view – his book is, after all, a study of emperors, not of the empire – he never forgets to consider his subjects as rulers of the Roman commonwealth.

*The Caesars* is not, nor is it meant to be, a work of innovative scholarship, but a popular history that offers a well-written, if over-illustrated (and consequently expensive), synthesis of modern interpretations. Even so, Michael Grant's *The Twelve Caesars* – to which Massie owes a large debt – remains the best introduction.

**David Montrose**



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**BIOGRAPHY**
Peter Wilsher

# Quiet genius

**Alan Turing: The Enigma**
ANDREW HODGES *Burnett Books* £18

In a world that grants instant stardom to quiz-winners and astrologers with a good line of patter, it might be thought that a man whose unique combination of intellectual and practical talents was vital to Britain's survival in World War II, and who then went on, as an encore, to conceive and largely invent the modern electronic computer might have achieved some small niche in popular consciousness. Yet the name of Alan Turing, who could justifiably have made both claims, would rate lower in almost any recognition test than even the most obscure junior minister in the last-government-but-three. This outstanding biography may, at last, start correcting the record.

Turing was that most elusive of creatures, a pure mathematician, which immediately puts him beyond the range of most people's understanding. He was clearly gauche, introspective and wholly lacking in the day-to-day life skills that mark out the prefect, the manager, the good committee man. At Sherborne School, at the wartime code-breaking centre, Bletchley Park, in post-war Manchester, even in the relatively understanding environment of King's College, Cambridge, he tended to be remembered more for his minor eccentricities than for the towering mental contributions which few were qualified to assess, and which in any case were largely blanketed from view by the Official Secrets Act. Also he had the misfortune – though, in his stubborn, uncompromising way, he would not have accepted that judgment – to be a homosexual at a time when this was unequivocally a criminal offence. This finally caught up with him in 1952 – just at the time when the Burgess and Maclean defections, and the atom-spy arrests were putting all government-connected scientists under the security microscope – and two years later, after a fairly low-key trial and a period on probation, he committed suicide. Like Snow White, but with more fatal results, he ate an apple impregnated with cyanide, and, after a few obituaries in the mathematical journals and the Biographical Memoir automatically due to him as a Fellow of the Royal Society, faded, it seemed, into oblivion.

It was more than 20 years, well into the 1970s, before the wraps started to come off the extraordinary story of the Enigma decoding and it was possible to start assessing the full nature of the Turing achievement. Before the war he had written one seminal paper, *On Computable Numbers*, which maintained a place in the footnotes to other people's work. After the war, he had worked out and demonstrated the essential elements of a new immensely powerful art-form which soon came to be called computer programming, though at that stage his contribution was largely lost in the rush to get a working machine – even if it could manage little more than repeating the multiplication table – to a point where it could win development funding. What he had been doing in between, in the half-decade from 1939 to 1945, was necessarily a blank, unknown even to his own mother. For this was the Ultra Secret, the key intelligence breakthrough which had enabled Britain to read the German mind, decipher the communications between Hitler's forces and their commanders, and retain – by a whisker – the desperate margin between defeat and ultimate victory.

As chief cryptographer in that enterprise, Turing was concerned particularly with the naval codes that were used to direct the potentially lethal U-boats in the Atlantic to their targets. Hodges describes brilliantly the desperate feats of ingenuity, application and organisation that breached the cyphers, translated and analysed the massive daily flow of information, kept up with the technical challenge every time the Germans changed the system, and concealed to the end the fact that anything untoward was

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YOUNG SHOULDERS

JOHN WAIN

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*The Guardian*

"A book to read and recall to mind time and again for its truth and its hope."
*Whitbread Fiction Prize judge*

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happening. Hitler's men looked for spies to explain why their apparently unbreakable blockade was failing, when they should have been looking for mathematicians.

But of course it had to be a very special mathematician. And it is Hodges's own feat to show so convincingly how it was that the Alan Turing who reported to the Government Code & Cypher School at Bletchley Park on 4 September 1939 turned out to be, despite all outward appearances, so quintessentially the right man at the right time.

His professional reputation, at that point, had been won at the extreme frontiers of mathematical philosophy. A young Czech, Kurt Gödel, had recently demonstrated that whatever else mathematics might be it could not be both consistent and complete. Turing completed the destruction of his colleagues' more arrogant claims for their discipline by demonstrating that however far the science might progress there will remain problems that are inherently insoluble. But to produce that apparently negative result he proved, initially as a wholly abstract proposition, that all 'solvable' problems could be successfully attacked by a single, generalised, mechanical process – a concept that came to be called 'the Turing Universal Machine'.

As Hodges says, the imagery was 'for Cambridge, almost shockingly industrial', and that was perhaps the key to Turing's uniqueness. His most rarified thinking never lost touch with the practical world of gear-wheels and things that could be made to work. It was that cast of mind which showed him how to out-think the Enigma code-machines, and then later to see – far ahead of his time – that the real key to computer-power was to keep the mechanics as simple as possible and concentrate all the complexity on the intellectual input, the software.

But his great, and quite explicit, post-war ambition to 'build a brain' was too visionary for the engineers and civil servants who controlled the necessary resources. Turing went to work in 1945 on the ACE project, at the National Physical Laboratory, with a blueprint that could probably have put Britain a generation ahead in the computer game. But he had no talent for persuasion or bureacratic infighting, and by 1950 he was alone sitting in a laboratory, virtually isolated. He devised the 'Turing test' for telling a computer from a human being when you can communicate with them only by teleprinter – a question which is still close to the core of the artificial-intelligence controversy. But he was gradually switching his interest away from mathematics to genetic-biology when society's pressures and his own sexuality caught up with him. As Hodges laconically sums up, not in the book itself, but in the author's note at the end, 'the study of Alan Turing's life does not show us whether human intelligence is limited, or not limited, by Gödelian paradoxes. It does show intelligence thwarted and destroyed by its environment'. In Turing's case, we inhabit an environment made possible by his performance, and almost certainly poorer by his premature departure. □

## JOURNALISM
Francis Wheen

# Cautionary tale

**Title Fight: The Battle for Gay News**
GILLIAN E. HANSCOMBE & ANDREW LUMSDEN
*Brilliance* £4.50

The liquidator moved into *Gay News*'s office in April this year, shortly before the paper's 11th birthday. If *Gay News* is associated with anything in the mind of the general public it is with the name of Denis Lemon, the editor who was taken to court by Mary Whitehouse on the extraordinary charge of blasphemous libel, and who thereby won the hearts of the liberal heterosexual establishment. Those same liberals might be surprised to learn from this book that Lemon's own staff did not all regard him as a heroic crusader; many, in fact, think that the arrival of the liquidator was Lemon's fault.

In its earliest days, *Gay News* was a reasonably free-and-easy collective. However, as with so many offspring of the 'liberating' years of the late '60s and early '70s – one thinks of *Time Out* or Virgin Records – its system of management and ownership soon became indistinguishable from that of a 'straight' capitalist enterprise. By several deft manoeuvres, Denis Lemon quickly became the paper's sole proprietor. It was only when Lemon sold *Gay News*, early in 1982, that staff began to ask the kind of questions that they should have put years earlier. They received few answers. One of the conditions under which Lemon sold the paper to a man called Robert Palmer was that the terms of the agreement should remain secret. After some digging, however, the staff discovered that Palmer had undertaken to pay Lemon a total of £121,000.

More alarmingly, it transpired that Palmer had no capital of his own. The money for Lemon would have to come from the profits of *Gay News* itself (which were tiny, even in the best of years). But the cash for the initial payments had to be raised forthwith. Palmer sold *Gay News*'s main financial asset, the freehold of its office. The number of pages in the paper was reduced. Staff were made redundant. The slide to disaster had begun.

At the same time there were other problems. The paper had acquired not only a new owner but a new editor, Andrew Lumsden, who was rather more sympathetic to the views of lesbians on the staff than Lemon had ever been. *Gay News* started to carry a few more articles by and about lesbians, which in turn caused an extremely unpleasant backlash from misogynists in the gay male scene – of whom there are disturbingly many. Staff questioned other traditions, too: might the paper not be run and edited more collectively, for example? But these discussions got nowhere before *Gay News* collapsed. By the beginning of 1983 Robert Palmer was no longer able to make his payments to Lemon on time. The paper had simply run out of money.

This is a depressing but fascinating book (although the use of the present tense throughout is faintly irritating), published impressively soon after the events it describes. It was the essential decency of most people at *Gay News* that enabled characters such as Lemon and Palmer to exploit them so shamelessly; staff and readers could not bring themselves to believe, until it was too late, that such things could happen in an 'alternative' enterprise. Perhaps the cautionary tale provided by Hanscombe and Lumsden may prevent others from making the same mistake. □

## LETTERS
Christopher Price

# Yours defiantly

**All The Best, Neill: Letters from Summerhill**
ed. JONATHAN CROALL *Deutsch* £9.95

A.S. Neill positively spouted letters, like a vast whale, lumbering on till his 90th birthday, pouring forth advice, reproof, complaint, trivia to a faithful circle of friends and acquaintances, never for one moment in doubt about his central thesis – that children should be free and not shackled. He divided his time between encouraging his friends in their good works and beefing about officialdom or money or some other aspect of the world outside Summerhill he considered anti-life. Temperamentally incapable of getting close to any top people, he was scornful and envious of them by turns. Here he is to his fellow Scottish free-schooler, John Aitkenhead (who'd gone all Scottish Nationalist), on the subject of politicians:

> I wonder if any really great men were politicians. Can you imagine a Freud, a Darwin, an Einstein sitting at Westminster? Mind you, to start with you might get good members with vision, but politics corrupt and of course attract anti-lifers. Who cd call Wilson or Brown or Heath big men with vision? I gave up faith in politics when Russian politicians killed the freedom of youth there . . .

He tells a friend that he was sorry Ritchie Calder had been attacked in the *NS*, but goes on:

> But he shouldn't have taken that title; maybe he felt his own name wasna good enough. Fancy the horror of Sir H. G. Wells or a Sir Bernard Shaw.

Yet a little later he 'trembles lest old Harold



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Wilson will offer me a knighthood'.

He's just as ambivalent about television personalities. Invited on to the Thames *Today* show, he gripes about the £75 fee, dismisses Eamonn Andrews as 'an RC who never heard of me', complains that 'neither TV lot want me in a serious programme' but then seems to have a splendid time drinking with Henry Cooper afterwards. It's the same with the Rectorship of Edinburgh University. He loses to Kenneth Allsop in the election, is then blackballed for an honorary degree, but when Allsop tries to get it reinstated, Neill tells him not to bother. He enjoys what recognition comes his way like a little boy, but can never regard the Establishment with anything but suspicious fascination.

Though constantly wracked by money worries, he is always aware that Summerhill's ability to charge fees to rich Americans will see him through in the end. It gives him a curious preference for Conservative governments. After talking to a couple of education correspondents in 1971, he writes:

> They said the Lab Govt had S'hill on its list for closure if it didn't come up to scratch. With battleaxe Thatcher I may be safer since all private schools are protected by Eton and Harrow.

If he had little time for Labour, he often had less for the *NS*, about whose reviews he carps at length: 'Never have I seen it back up anything vital, like freedom for kids. Worse under Freeman, but K Martin was not more advanced.' His heroes are Homer Lane, Wilhelm Reich and Henry Miller. Especially Henry, who'd once written that *his* curriculum would be 'games of skill, with song, dance, acting, boxing, wrestling and a knowledge of handicrafts'. Neill replies:

> Of course, man. If the bloody exam system didn't exist, I'd sack all my teachers of History, Geography, English, Maths and staff up with guys guyesses who'd teach exactly what you prescribe.

It is this necessity for constant compromise with the real, competitive world that the letters bring out – almost more touchingly than Jonathan Croall's sensitive biography of Neill itself (*Neill of Summerhill*, Deutsch); he had to have Americans, because they were rich, he had to do exams, because the parents wanted them, he had to mend his buildings, because the HMIs would be round. Yet he never lets the compromise blur his vision.

The overwhelming impression is that of a crusty but cheerful old man (most of the letters were written in his 70s and 80s), who knew he'd found an idea which echoed throughout the world and that, however little officialdom was actually going to imitate him, it was always going to listen with respect. In fact, he didn't want imitators. Some Americans had formed an outfit called the Summerhill Society, which, from all accounts, must have been a pretty excruciating bunch of spoilt, rich folk. They quarrelled and split and a variety of schools popped up claiming to be founded on 'Summerhill principles', some with stories of sex and drugs adhering to them. After much dithering, Neill finally makes up his mind to disown the lot. The only way of doing so is to write an open letter to the *Village Voice*, which draws a sour response from Paul Goodman, who accuses Neill of snobbery. Neill responds with a long, rambling apologia of his own. It is 1963, and there are high hopes of a new dawn. But Neill has decided; he retreats to Summerhill, England. 'I can defend my own school,' he says. 'Let others stand up and protect their schools.' The prophet is beginning to retire to his tent.

He is most endearing when talking of children, particularly of his own daughter, Zoe; and of his own end, which he approaches with a rare humour. He tells an American professor who wants to come and see him:

> At my age even two months are far ahead and a guy of nearly 90 shouldn't make dates. Anyway, ring when you come and if I'm fit enough, we'll meet again. Meanwhile, bugger Father Time.

He defies Time, much as he defied, all his life, an Establishment terrified of the consequences of the freedom which he preached. We need his sort around today. □


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**FILMS**
John Coleman

# Unhitched

**Fanny Ardant in the driving seat, with Jean-Louis Trintignant in 'Finally, Sunday!'**

**Finally, Sunday!** (PG)
*Chelsea Cinema*
**Monkey Grip** (18)
*Screen on the Hill; Cinecenta; ABC, Fulham Road*
**Cujo** (18)
*Leicester Square Theatre*
**The Divine Emma** (PG)
*Classics, Tottenham Court Road and Chelsea*

Francois Truffaut's very French delight in American pulp fiction, the obsessed *série noire* thrillers of David Goodis, Cornell Woolrich, Jim Thompson and such, has found expression on the screen before: in *Tirez sur le pianiste*, *La Mariée était en noir* and *La Sirène du Mississippi*, three films of widely ranging quality, the middle one rife with compliments to Hitchcock. Now, after 14 years away from the pulps, he has chosen – with Suzanne Schiffman and Jean Aurel – to draw a cluttered script from the ill-fated Charles Williams's *The Long Saturday Night* and it is the wayward movie resulting, **Finally, Sunday!**, which opened the 27th London Film Festival out at the NFT this Thursday. To read the festival brochure, excitably endorsing a new debt to Alfred Hitchcock, one might be tempted to find a peculiar appropriateness in the choice of curtain-raiser to a packed 16 days of world cinema. After all, along with a sustained tribute to new British films and revivals of two Lillian Gish classic silents, Griffith's *Broken Blossoms* and Sjöström's *The Wind*, there is a chance to see a quintet of Hitch movies too long unavailable: *Rear Window*, *Vertigo*, *The Trouble with Harry*, the second version of *The Man Who Knew Too Much* and *Rope*. And let me tuck in here a P.S. against despair: it is *not* true that the annual event's sold out before it starts. Try your luck and you may be pleasantly surprised.

Back at the Truffaut, the surprises come thin and fast. To begin with, this mild comedy-thriller has precious little to do with Hitchcock. Fanny Ardant, that grave, flexible-mouthed beauty in *The Woman Next Door*, is first discovered as Barbara, secretary to an estate agent in a small town in the Midi, just walking chirpily along to Georges Delerue's jaunty music; then her boss Julien (Jean-Louis Trintignant) drives off from a misty hunting-trip, leaving behind a friend's corpse. Reunited at the office, Trintignant and Ardant embark on the kind of bickering that traditionally indicates mutual if withheld love. Soon there is another corpse, that of the boss's blonde wife, who turns out to have had a highly unsavoury past, involving prostitution and blackmail: the dead friend was merely one of her lovers. So, with the cops on Julien's trail (poor Trintignant looks cowed and somehow *diminished* beside Ardant's decisive fervour), Barbara plays detective, finding out what the wife was up to in Nice, tracking down a cinema cashier as a mystery woman phone-caller, having to pose as a street-whore in the cause of justice (*'C'est combien?'* asks a would-be client and she obligingly tells him the time.)

As the death toll mounts, there is an agreeable chuckle-headedness about Ardant's performance, combined with a cool elegance under stress, that kept reminding me – against the physical odds – of that super-comedienne Myrna Loy. The plot thickens out of control, so that one can only settle for the saving notion that Truffaut is spoofing a genre, something that Nestor Almendros' black-and-white photography and Delerue's pastiche score skilfully abet. But which genre, exactly? The thrills barely exist. And the fun comes largely in incidentals: a coshed priest, an accident-prone superintendent, scraps of rehearsals of a Hugo play in which Barbara is involved, a lovely joke around office-hidden Julien's interest in women's legs, scissoring past on the pavement outside a basement window. Certainly there are a couple of neat clues and the entrapment of the piece's true villain is almost mockingly staged – lone phone-box in night square with fuzz closing in – but the homage or whatever falls awfully wide of the mark in tone, leaving us unusually, even awkwardly distanced. Trintignant's bewilderment becomes ours.

If Fanny Ardant, struggling to show another side to her talent, is the game heart of *Finally, Sunday!*, Ken Cameron's slice of layabout Melbourne life, **Monkey Grip,** would have no grip at all without the now tear-flooding, now quite radiantly beaming presence of Noni Hazlehurst as the thirtyish divorcée with an over-sagacious small daughter and an emotional fix on a heroin-addicted actor. Adapted by Helen Garner from her own novel in cahoots with director Cameron, the film is strong on sordid detail – a syringe on a kitchen table, an appalling mattress, the actor-lover upchucking during a beyond-the-fringe performance – but signally skirts what a dreary and probably talentless bunch the Hazlehurst-character's pals are.

Lewis Teague's **Cujo** stars a blood-and-spittle-flecked St Bernard in the title role, gone rabid after being bat-bitten. As this sad monster terrorises a Maine community, and specifically an adulterous wife and her nightmare-prone small son trapped in a car, we are sometimes granted a dog's-eye-view of things. The lethal beast's repeated assaults on the captive pair have a schlock-horror impact of sorts, but the implication that slavering Cujo personifies retribution for marital infidelity left me as cold as most of this eccentric exercise. A 1979 Czech biopic, Jiri Krejcik's **The Divine Emma,** is another motley affair, good to look at and with some nice scraps of singing (by Gabriela Benackova) while remaining mostly inscrutable as to its motivation. Drawn from the real-life career of the dramatic soprano Emma Destinn – 1878-1930 – it concentrates on her confinement at her Bohemian estate during World War I on suspicion of espionage, a doomed love-affair with her young estate-manager, a dying fall. Acting as Emma, Bozidara Turzonovova has fire and opulence, but this is cinematic impressionism run riot. □



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## TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

# Scraps of art

IN **Don't Tell Leonardo** (C4), Ralph Steadman told us that there came a point during the making of his book *I, Leonardo* (Cape) when it all seemed to come right. That point seems to have been when he came to the conclusion that he himself was Leonardo, an encouraging discovery for a cartoonist. Either Steadman or a translator have 'rendered' Leonardo's diaries into a kind of old world English that is designed to emphasise Leonardo's firstness in every field. Thus: 'I devised a clock that would alarm me from sleep.' But we can't tell whether this is Leonardo or Steadman speaking, because Ralph has seen fit to add to the diaries in order to incorporate his own ideas into the great man's life with a humour he calls 'muted'. An example of this muted approach is his Ronald Searle drawing of a thing that throws cats across a valley: 'Hence, the catapult', he twinkled. Now where did I hear that one before? How Leo would have laughed.

**Invitation to the Dance** (BBC-2) was a programme about Anthony Powell's 12-volume sequence *A Dance to the Music of Time*. We learnt that there are 400 characters in the work and that this happens to be the average number of people we meet in our lives. It may be the number of people Powell met – and Kingsley Amis hinted that Powell was not averse to the opposite sex – but it is a daunting number of people to come across only by hearsay. Perhaps one shouldn't worry.

Clive James compared Powell favourably to Proust, which seemed like a good idea. 'If we tend to put Proust above Powell it is because Proust is more extreme, more *not* like us. Powell is terrifically *like* us.' All right, I'm on him again. What next? 'People like Powell, Osbert Lancaster and John Betjeman', James went on, 'they're the real source of strength in modern English writing.' Saucy, but nice, no? Especially the 'Osbert Lancaster'. Powell has a great liking for collage apparently and has completely covered a boiler-room with scraps. Were we supposed to be finding parallels in the books? Of course we were. This was television, remember. 'In the average novel', said Alison Lurie, 'no one appears who isn't important to the central characters. In Powell there are innumerable backwaters and pockets.' I have a feeling that everyone likes doing collages, but still, Powell is no exception: 'I made it a rule that stuff I cut out had to go up within a few weeks . . .' and of his novels: 'You had to leave yourself various options for re-entry. And then of course one is changing as one's characters are changing.'

It may be more useful for a writer than a painter to become interested in the music of time. In the **South Bank Show** (ITV) David Hockney explained his new multi-exposure technique for making photographic collages. He had become dissatisfied, he said, with the lack of time in photographs – a fraction of a second frozen for ever, a far shorter time than the average glance, let alone the hundreds of hours it took Rembrandt to do a portrait. In a photo of water you saw how frozen a photo was. It stopped the dancing. You could draw water better. 'I painted my splash painting over three weeks, with tiny strokes, to make a kind of joke about this.'

He was very open about it all, but what he said sounded like the philosophy of cubism, as described by Apollinaire 80 years ago. Can he be going abstract?

The same week as the Powell programme saw a fine adaptation by his son Tristram Powell of **The Ghost Writer** (BBC-2), a novel by Philip Roth. Powell seems to have shared the work with Roth, but the result was a dramatic, closely written and fascinating four-hander, which Powell should adapt for the stage without delay.

**Not About Heroes** (ITV, not a good sign) was about Siegfried Sassoon saying goodbye (with flashbacks and gulping) to Wilfred Owen at Craiglockhart in 1917. James Telfer bears an amazing resemblance to what we know of Owen, but Stephen MacDonald, who wrote the play and took the part of Sassoon, failed to look like anyone at all, let alone Sassoon, who was a towering, aristocratic figure. The play might have been interesting as a study of class barriers overcome by literary and sexual urges, but the dashing Telfer's attempt at a nervous stutter in the presence of MacDonald's slightly common Sassoon was unbelievable, as was the fact that they were supposed to be in the same room – and war – together. The scene with Sassoon looking coyly over Owen's shoulder and making suggestions for the improvement of his best known poem, though true, was as corny as any

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Hollywood version of the inspirational moment in the bio-pic of a popular songwriter.

The play, which was about two chroniclers of the futile waste of war, was an interesting choice for Remembrance Sunday. On a page preceding Katie Boyle's, the *TV Times* printed a number of poetic indictments from both wars under a photo of the Queen laying a wreath on the Cenotaph. The one by Owen ends with that line about it being a lie that it is sweet and fitting to die for your country. The page, complete with a sarcastic illustration from a contemporary magazine and a letter from Falklands knocker David Tinker, was the literary equivalent of tearing down that British Legion banner. I come down firmly on both sides on these occasions. □

## THEATRE
Paul Allen

# Fondle & fumble

**Blondel**
TIM RICE & STEPHEN OLIVER
*Old Vic*
**Dear Anyone**
DON BLACK, GEOFF STEPHENS & JACK ROSENTHAL
*Cambridge Theatre*
**Shore Saints and Sea Devils**
EWAN MacCOLL *Library Theatre, Manchester*
**Renaissance**
MALCOLM McKAY *Crucible Studio, Sheffield*

It always astonished me that Tim Rice got on with Andrew Lloyd Webber in the first place. Judging from their work and their appearances on television, Rice takes nothing very seriously, starting with himself, while his erstwhile partner seems to think he has taken on the mantle of Puccini. Collaborating now with Stephen Oliver, a composer who is witty, self-deprecating and blessed with a sure sense of mood, Rice has come up with a show that is thoroughly silly but at least has the grace to know it's silly. Like a successful party, it goes down rather well with a few drinks, and with luck you will remember nothing about it the morning after except that you had quite a good time.

The plot (and that's flattering it) deals with the minstrel who tracked Richard the Lionheart down to an Austrian prison and helped him escape. Paul Nicholas plays him as a medieval Cliff Richard with a bit of extra vocal colour. He has a girlfriend called Fiona, a backing group called the Blondettes, a theme song called 'I'm a Monarchist' and an unfortunate tendency to get himself called Fondle rather than Blondel.

It is never worse than a bit ingratiating, never better than mildly amusing, even when the Crusade permits a Falklands gag or Chris Langham's gawky, incompetent hired killer skulks about in search of victims. The production is well sung, led by the group Cantabile as a chorus of monks with a 1066-and-all that narrative; there is virtually no spoken dialogue to have to attend to, and there is a breezy, flashily-lit confidence about Peter James's production that makes good use of the Old Vic stage.

The rest of the Old Vic, thanks to Ed Mirvish's millions, has been beautifully redecorated in the sort of peach shades that are supposed to make you feel good. It works, but the historic theatre will want something meatier soon.

**Dear Anyone,** unfortunately, hasn't the grace to doubt itself at all. I even found it mildly offensive in so far as it is about quite serious matters which it goes on to treat shamefully. The heroine is a young journalist who has just taken on the agony column on the *New York Globe*. 'I'll Put You Together Again' she sings to Americans who evidently need this service under those brash exteriors. How she puts herself together when she loses her lover is to resign and go on being a good little house-person.

It manipulates the audience with disgraceful cynicism. One moment we are asked to be sorry for a woman whose workaholism has cut her off from reality and relationships, and the next we are asked to believe in a newspaper office where nobody writes a line of copy and a messenger can be promoted to Features Editor because he learns to be rude and aggressive. Was Jack Rosenthal just hired to put one-liners between Don Black's lyrics or is he responsible for this content?

Because extraordinary talent is on show here. Ralph Koltai's set is itself a globe, an architectural masterpiece. The singing and the playing of the band produce a huge sweep of sound to disguise the poverty of Geoff Stephens's music. Tudor Davies comes up with a fine sort of trudge-dance for rat-race New York. And Jane Lapotaire as the heroine would be sensational with decent material.

Ewan MacColl, who forsook the theatre for folk singing for 30 years, was a founder of Theatre Workshop in Manchester with Joan Littlewood, the father of a vital strand in post-war British theatre. Last year 7.48 Scotland revived his one-act ballad play about unemployment, *Johnny Noble*, and it blew like a gale of fresh air through the 1983 Edinburgh Festival. MacColl has returned in his oldish age with **Shore Saints and Sea Devils**; the same grim determination to tell the truth is there, but not, alas, much of the driving rhythm and speed.

In a dockland lodging house, wonderfully staged by Chris Kinman, a bunch of sailors shanghaied by the switch from sail to steam, drink and bicker and plan their revenge on the brutally heroic captain whose mad wager on a sea-race has brought them all down. MacColl has evidently researched diligently; you will know all you ever wanted to about riding a floating sewage works around the Pacific.

His convictions still blaze out bravely, and with humanity. But it is all a bit improving, a people's history lecture which only sets the audience afire in the scabrous sailors' songs (the shanty books are bowdlerised) or in the great set-piece row of the middle act between two old skippers, one of whom has made the best of things and kept his job, and the other a drunken rebel at once more derelict and more dignified.

Potentially **Renaissance** is a marvellously provocative play, dedicated to the idea that all the qualities of the Enlightenment are a dreadful mistake; and that, in the words of its stricken hero, we need to learn not more about the world but how to live in it.

Well, maybe. Malcolm McKay's own production is so forcibly acted and spoken that you almost go with him. After all, it is demonstrable that our civilisation contains the capacity for its own destruction. The doubts are sown by the cloak of obscurity with which he darkens his considerable rhetoric, and with the fashionable but sketchy reference to older creeds.

The play is set in a remote Norfolk mansion where every year Carlton McKinnon returns to celebrate his and his daughter's birthday on Midsummer's Eve. This is the present, and he is having a breakdown of a recognisably modern kind, but with him he brings an Irish servant, smooth and ambitious and corrupt. At the heart of the play is a confrontation between this man and the resident housekeeper, a woman I would describe as looking like a witch were it not for the question that begs.

Physically their opposition is resolved in a manner that is not unexpected. Intellectually however the argument is never really put, and it is no consolation that the play is partly about rejecting the intellectual approach to the world's pain; it needs to be heard to be rejected. I don't believe dark goddesses are any more the answer than agony aunts. □

## MUSIC
Andrew Clements

# Piano roles

BEETHOVEN and Schubert were the two composers with whom **Artur Schnabel** became most closely identified. Schnabel's account of the Beethoven Piano sonatas has been reissued countless times and now it appears that EMI is to work systematically through his Schubert recordings also. 'Artur Schnabel plays Schubert' (RLS 7713, 3 records) scratches only the surface: just one sonata (in D major, D850) is included, together with the Trout Quintet, some Impromptus and the *Moments Musicaux*. All are fluent as one might expect, combining a natural rhythmic flow, acute awareness of where the music is going at any moment with a pearly, translucent tone, and usually a quiet, unobtrusive technical control. Lapses are rare in these records. The Trout allies him with members of the Pro Art Quartet, and their playing becomes an easy, gracious conversation, totally unforced yet invariably attentive to every nicety of har-



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## Galleries

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## Opera & Ballet

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## Reggae

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mony and rhythm. The next volume, which promises Schnabel's account of the late B flat sonata, should be eagerly devoured.

Among contemporary pianists, **Alfred Brendel**'s reputation as a Schubertian comes nearest to rivalling Schnabel's. His recordings of the sonatas have become established as safe, dependable versions. An addition to that set comes in the coupling of the early A minor D537 and A major D664 sonatas (Philips 6514 282) and while the playing is never less than highly perceptive, the overall effect is routine. Both sonatas have been quite popular on disc in recent years, and against the likes of Michelangeli and Richter, Brendel seems monochrome and effortful in his point-making.

Certainly Brendel has no great claims as a keyboard colourist, and when a pianist such as **Zoltan Kocsis** is compared with him, his shortcomings are apparent. Kocsis' apparently unpretentious disc of Grieg, the E minor piano sonata and two sets of *Lyric Pieces* (Philips 6514 115), establishes him as a player in the first rank, one of those rare beings able to transform innocuous material into a magical experience. The *Lyric Pieces* are tiny distillations of Chopin and Schumann which could so easily be pressed too hard; Kocsis preserves their shapes and shades them exquisitely. The sonata is if anything a greater challenge, superbly met; there are plenty of moments when the structure could fall apart and these are nursed with marvellous control.

**Svlatoslav Richter** makes so few studio recordings that perhaps one should be grateful for all that do appear, but it's difficult not to be disappointed by his account of Mozart's E flat piano concerto K482 (EMI ASD1435281) with Riccardo Muti and the Philharmonia. Not only is the accompaniment unexceptional (and conductor and orchestra turn in a deadly dull Mozart symphony as filler) but temperamentally Richter does not respond to Mozart in a way that can be preserved for repeated listening. In the concert hall such a performance might well be fascinating, dappled with sudden inspirations and tints; at home it seems to lack purity of line and classical elegance, suggesting a highly wrought surface superimposed on a contrived and impersonal structure.

In **Daniel Barenboim's** collection of some of Liszt's Wagner transcriptions (Deutsche Grammophon) also there is a hint that pianist and music are not temperamentally ideal for each other. Barenboim's career as a pianist on record continues to surprise; Liszt is not the most likely composer to grab his attention. The playing here is warm and luscious; his selection of pieces emphasises lyrical effusion over transcendental technique. From *Tannhäuser* there is the entry of the guests on the Wartburg, the Spinning Chorus and Ballad from *The Flying Dutchman*, Elsa's dream from *Lohengrin*, the final scene of *Tristan* and a fantasy on themes from *Rienzi* (arguably the least painful way to hear the good music from that monster). It is a fascinating collection that could probably only appear in a Wagner centenary year.

No apologies for ending with yet more posthumous releases from **Glenn Gould**. He was, as this column has claimed more than once, one of the great pianists of the last 30 years, an original thinker of extraordinary technical capabilities. Two of three recent discs are brand new, from the series of sessions Gould had completed shortly before his death, while a reissue in the CBS 'Masterworks Portraits' series (60254) returns his confection of Bach two- and three-part inventions to the catalogue, black-and-white sketches turned with inimitable style and occasionally infuriating archness. Nor is some Brahms – the Op 10 Ballades and Op 79 Rhapsodies – free of mannerisms that sometimes affect the sense and harmonic flow of the music (CBS D37800). The first ballade is infuriatingly slow to catch fire and when it does is disfigured by irrelevant detail; the Rhapsodies are kept on a cruelly strict expressive leash. Yet alongside the idiosyncracies, as always, is playing of extraordinary purity and clarity of line; no pianist makes one more aware of Brahms' harmonic workings. However in a pair of Beethoven sonatas, Op 26 and Op 27 no. 1 (CBS 74111), there are no drawbacks; the performance of the A flat Op 26 is the finest I have heard in its range of sonority, rhythmic vitality and total musical conviction. There are one or two more controversial things in the companion E flat, though Gould would no doubt have reminded us that Beethoven did call it a 'Sonata quasi una Fantasia'; at one point he cannot resist adding a decorative swirl of his own. That though was part of the man, and part, one suspects, of Beethoven also. □

# WEEKEND COMPETITION

**No 2797** **Set by C. Fever**

The writers of *Coronation Street* are having a hard time writing out characters, but how would Shakespeare, Austen or Dickens have coped? Would they have done better than 'And my poor Fool is hanged'? Write-outs, please, for Macbeth, Elizabeth Bennet, Mr Pickwick, Lear etc at some inconvenient moment in the narrative. Up to 150 words by 2 December.

**No 2794** **Set by P. Kay**

A manifesto for Labour written in words of one syllable.

**Report** **By Jemima Squiffy**

Prose made up of short words is more hard to write than some might think; full marks, then, to those of you who stayed the course (plus eight quid each by way of a prize). If young Neil has any sense he'll heed this comp and act on it; the votes will then flood in.

Each farm in the Nine Fair Lands (or is it Ten?) gets one price for all its wheat, eggs, wine and meat, paid by our tax. But this price is too high, so some farms get fat and there are lakes of wine and hills of wheat that none in the Ten Lands (or is it Nine?) can eat. Our Brit farms and folk pay far too much for all this so we shall change it, or else we shall leave the Ten Lands (or it is it Twelve?) to stew in their own grape juice. Then we would live as in days of yore, when each had eggs, milk and meat nice and cheap from lands far and wide.

BRIAN WREN

It may be that we will, or will not, at this point in time, ban our bombs en bloc. But we will work, you may be sure, with our mates, our pals, with all who take part, who row in the same boat and play ball. We will set at naught those who hold cheap all we hold dear and who will not sink or swim in our clear aims. This is not to say we will not treat with those who do not see eye to eye with our firm stand. But we will not back scratch nor will we log roll. We will give and take with all who lay their heads with our great cause.

GERRY HAMILL

We'll squash the rich and ditch the spivs; we'll back our lot in all town halls. If we could fix the cost of land there'd be more plots for us to build a house or flat for you or Gran. There'd be no high rise blocks, no frights. We'd all dig up our patch of veg and walk the dog in nice green parks. The blues of course will do their best to get the press to blight our plan but we can spike them with your votes. So let's get to it, as the Welsh man said.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

What we want is more cash. Shops are there to be used by us, so we will print more notes so we can. *They* say this is not on. But how do *they* know? *They* have not done it at all. In fact if we go in the shops and say I'll have that and that and that and so on then that means they (not *they*, oh no) will have to go off and make more of that and so on which means that there will have to be more men and things to make more of that and so on which means more jobs which means more cash for men and things to go in shops and that.

JIM YORKE

Why should we pay such vast sums to help lands that have more than us? The whole thing is now out of hand, and the ones who get most out of it sit at their desks and have free cars, free flats and so on, all paid for by poor us. The time has come for us to say: Yes, you have good things, but you must change your bad ways – first of all, the way we pay, then you must prune the high cost of far more fats and meat than the poor can buy and which you sell at a loss (not to them!) or just waste. No more! Change – or we leave this rich man's club once and for all.

GEORGE MOOR

You want to know who wins a vote, right? And you want to know how he or she won, right? Who wants to have to scratch their heads, and ask *how did that work?*

We're for the plain, clean, good old vote. If you've won most votes, you have won, *and that's all there is to it.* Don't be fooled by flash talk about new ways to count votes. If five or more claim to speak for you, which is their 'new' plan, how will you know whom to trust?

You won't.

Here is the post. Here is the first one past the post. You can *tell* who's won, can't you?

These new schemes are just CON tricks by LIBs and their new pals. You would not buy a used car from them. Why buy a mad new scheme?

WILL BELLENGER



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# FIRST PERSON

## Bill Greenwell

# Morning becomes electric

IT'S ABOUT TIME I let you in on one of my dirtier, nay filthier secrets. *I've got a Goblin Teasmade.* Funny, isn't it, this is the one that crimsons my cheeks most dreadfully: the arrival of the squat box and associated paraphernalia by the bedside. Of course, I didn't buy the thing; what do you take me for? I didn't actually slip into a shop with a 'Pssst-gorra-Goblin?' Nothing like that. It's just that someone didn't want it, that's all, and I took it in. As a favour; keep it in the family; all-right-if-you-must sort of business.

But a Teas*made* . . . dear, dear, what's life coming to? It'll be the hairnet next, then dentures, a crafty Wincarnis after lights out, a rheumy pillow. Actually, for the record, confessions of a secret sexist, I'd always thought it was called a Teas*maid*. Perhaps my subconscious assumed it arrived with a neat pinny on, too, and a travelling, triple-decker cakestand.

At any rate, I see no reason to be really ashamed: it's been a boon, more especially in its capacity as kettle (oh yes, it does other tricks too, hold your horses). Living on the second floor at night has its charms – the sense of being tucked up – but, in my case at least, it does play havoc with the carpet.

You see, I'm a walking disaster when it comes to toting steaming mugs of benevolent beverage up the stairs, especially at a time when the later worms are catching it from the proverbial birds. I spill things. I slop coffee. When we go down to the remnant shop for something soft underfoot, there is only one colour worth purchasing: Nescafé. As I traipse my eager way upstairs, clutching the cuppas that cheer, their contents spring merrily out, leaving me to explain to a patient wife why her liquid fix of caffeine is 50 per cent down again.

My hands are judderers. Since I am neither waiting for a royal telegram, nor suffering from palsy, this requires explanation. And the answer is, or rather the answers *are:* alarm-clocks, private collection of. Take a shufti at my side of Nod's land. It is strewn with gadgets, things that go bleep, tick, clunk, or even emit the traditional ring. They are all set for 7.17, a time worked out after protracted calculations about how long a sequence of complex operational procedures should take before I waft out the door to Work. On one of them, you can start Popeye catching cans of spinach from an overarm Olive Oyl before Bluto whacks his foe with an electronic hammer, and your score comes up. Readers like yourselves, familiar with – indeed, possibly born by – the white heat of technology, will recognise the equipment.

No, I'm a light sleeper. What gives me the shakes is waking up at 7.13 and waiting for the manic cacophony caused by their collective screech four minutes further on. By the time I have slapped, pinched, twisted and punched them all shut, my nerves, so vital to the delicate art of carrying coffee up two flights, have been hit by shrapnel. It can't be good for us, can it, all this artificially induced wakey-wakey? Primitive tribes didn't have micro-circuitry and superior clockwork in their caves. When a troglodyte wanted to be up and about on the dot, he was out sharpening his stick before he even knew he was up. It is plainly time for a thesis on the effect of the alarm on civilised society (closing phase – according to Mother Shipton of Knaresborough and not a few of Doris Lessing's novels). What we need is a Campaign for Real Sleep.

Still, the *Teasmade* has stopped my daily run (perhaps trudge is the noun I'm looking for here) of disaster. Now I can mount, steady-handed, a tray of necessaries the night before. Now I can be sure of a crafty second cup. Indeed, the only thing I am still unable to do is to relax.

The *Teasmade* has, if anything, made this harder than before. Instead of being shaken awake by the threat of a few clocks racketing away within a foot of my right ear, I have to sweat it out for ten or more minutes. First, the faint clunk: it's on. Then, the far-off, whispering sound of water slapping gently against metal. Eventually, the violent arrival of steam, a slurping, gurgling, cantankerous crash of boiling water, like a miniature Charybdis at work, before . . wallop! the pot is pumped full, a garish light snaps on and there is a bloody great buzzer going bozo, like an ailing corncrake crossed with a mechanical digger. My hand, sweaty with anticipation, whips out. I grope, bolt upright; imaginary plaster is spattering the sheets. Good Christ, it's *off*.

But at least I ain't staining the stairs. □

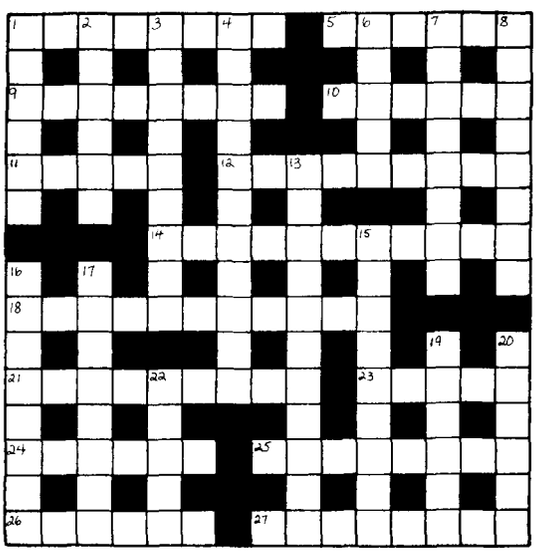
**Among this week's contributors:**

FRED HALLIDAY's *The Making of the Second Cold War* was published by NLB earlier this year.

We thank PAUL ALLEN for his recent theatre columns. He will be back during 1984. Next week Christopher Edwards, and on 2 December Joyce McMillan writing from Scotland. On 16 December Benedict Nightingale will report from New York.

## Weekend Crossword 1421

**PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1421, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 29 November.**



ACROSS

1. Town which looks serious after fighting (8)
5. Operatic character found in withdrawal rather than self-expression (6)
9. Mostly clever and smart bird (8)
10. King puts decoration on a man (6)
11. She is among the finest actresses (5)
12. Arm with nothing light for a mathematical term (9)
14. City ploughman? (11)
18. The play is everything in bad cinema (11)
21. No claim re shift worker (9)
23. 'Virtue cannot live out of the ----- of emulation' (*J. Caesar*) (5)
24. Take time to make oneself feel at home? (6)
25. Mark on poet where weapon goes (8)
26. Ancestral trees? (6)
27. Girl discovered outside a dance without trunks (8)

DOWN

1. Dried up river no good for getting one's feet wet? (6)
2. Sturdy vehicle needed in mountain climbing (6)
3. Practice in which one listens afresh to nearly everything (9)
4. Swaying movement which makes one sick during a holiday (11)
6. Colour which is forever in a book (5)
7. It is not smooth to retire over a year short (8)
8. It is easy to see what you may do if you fish for a saint (8)
13. Tree from which you get grapes and green pea according to Gilbert (11)
15. The unspeakable in full pursuit of the ---------' (*Wilde*) (9)
16. Friendly, but without a taxi it would be some distance (8)
17. Attacked on leaving the harbour? (8)
19. Treat a man to a drink (6)
20. Dashes about in the underworld (6)
22. Possessions which bring someone gold (5)

SETSQUARE



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## APPOINTMENTS

COHSE

Confederation of Health Service Employees

### Research Officer

Salary £10,029 × £480 × 2 – £10,989 (under review) plus
£870 London Weighting
£300 Unsocial hours allowance and car

COHSE is Britain's leading Health Service Union, with a membership of 230,000 spread throughout the grades and professions in the Health and Social Services.

We are looking for a Research Officer to run the union's busy Research Department which undertakes the whole range of research and information work for the union, including detailed pay research and back-up for the negotiating officers, monitoring health spending and developments in private medicine and privatisation of NHS services, health and safety issues and work relating to nurses and other NHS staffs' professional career concerns and work on the union's political and international concerns.

Work will be geared to drafting policy documents and preparing briefing papers for the NEC and its sub-committees, for the union's senior officers and for other specialist officers. The Research Officer will have day to day responsibility for the running of the Research Department, comprising a small team of researchers and research clerks.

Candidates will be expected to possess management skills, and experience of trade union research, particularly in the pay and health and safety fields, is essential.

Knowledge of the NHS and local authority residential care services would be an advantage, as would a good degree in the social sciences.

This is an ideal post for an existing post-holder in trade union research seeking promotion, and who is prepared to make a contribution to the Confederation over a period of years. The use of initiative and a sense of responsibility are essential requirements for the job, which includes working in close support to the Confederation's senior officers.

Six weeks' annual leave and ten public holidays. Contributory superannuation scheme. Letters of application, with full curriculum vitae, and the names of two referees, should be sent to: The General Secretary, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey, so as to arrive not later than 7 December 1983.

Britain's Health Service Union

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## Contract Researcher

London Weekend Television has a vacancy for a Contract Researcher on 'The London Programme' for six months from 1 January 1984. Applicants should have experience of either print or broadcast journalism.

Write, explaining clearly why you are suitable for this post, *marking your envelope TLP*, to Helen Auty, London Weekend Television, Kent House, Upper Ground, London SE1 9LT.

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***LONDON ECONOMIC, INDUSTRIAL AND EMPLOYMENT POLICY UNIT***

**POLYTECHNIC OF THE SOUTH BANK**

### PROJECT ORGANISER WANTED URGENTLY

The Unit is involved in strategies and practical training in *local/regional/sectoral economic and employment initiatives.*

Candidates with some social science research and data processing experience combined with involvement in local economic/employment activities would be particularly suitable.

**Write to Dr S. Aaronovitch, LEIEPU, Polytechnic of the South Bank, Borough Road, SE1.**

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**OV SELECTION CATERS** for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

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**NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON RACISM IN CHILDREN'S BOOKS**

requires immediately

**GENERAL SECRETARY**

**£8,438 p.a.**

Details and job description from: **Peter Fraser, Institute of Education, 20 Bedford Way, London WC1**

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## Do you have the industrial management and financial experience to develop co-operative enterprises in London?

The Greater London Enterprise Board is actively intervening in the London economy to regenerate the capital's industrial and commercial base and save jobs. The development of worker co-operatives in London's key industrial and service sectors, such as building, engineering and new service industries, is a high priority.

We are now looking for a

## Co-operative Development Worker

to strengthen our Co-operative Unit. We are particularly looking for someone with relevant industrial management and financial experience to contribute to the development of larger worker co-operatives.

As well as broad management problem-solving experience, ideally related to the development of co-operatives, and the ability to assess the financial viability to such projects, a commitment to the principles of industrial democracy is essential.

Drive, initiative and the ability to take a broad strategic approach are also key requirements.

**Salary: c.£14,000.**

Further details are available from the Structural Investment Division, Greater London Enterprise Board, 63-67 Newington Causeway, London SE1 6BD. Tel: 01-403 0300, to which applications with detailed CVs should be sent.

*We would particularly welcome applications from women and ethnic minorities.*

Greater London Enterprise Board

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**THE ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT**

is seeking a

### CAMPAIGN ORGANISER

whose responsibilities will include work with the Trade Union movement and fund-raising. Suitable candidates should have an interest in and understanding of the situation in Southern Africa, campaigning experience and a willingness to work hard under pressure. Typing, office and organisational skills an advantage. Salary £5,250 per annum reviewed annually.

Write or phone for job description and application form to:

**Executive Secretary, AAM**
**13 Selous Street**
**London NW1 ODW**
**Tel: 01-387 7966**

**Closing date 5 December.** The Anti-Apartheid Movement is an Equal Opportunities employer.



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# APPOINTMENTS

## Derbyshire Co-operative Development Agency Ltd

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

### CO-OPERATIVE DEVELOPMENT WORKER

**(Field worker) : North Derbyshire Area**

**£6,915 (or pro-rata part-time posts)**

Derbyshire CDA is a company funded by Derbyshire County Council, with the objective of promoting and assisting the establishment of workers' co-operatives in Derbyshire. We now require a Development Worker to cover the North of the County. The post is based in Glossop with some time spent in our Chesterfield office. Consideration will also be given to two part-time posts based one in each town. The appointment is on a fixed term contract ending July 1985. Applicants will have commitment to the co-operative principles, business skills and a knowledge of community development. A full driving licence must be held.

**For further details and application form write to: John Whitby, Derbyshire C.D.A., 3 The Strand Arcade, DERBY DE1 1BQ. Closing date, 5 December, 1983.**

# HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

**AFRICA LOW COST FLIGHTS.** ACCRA, LAGOS, FREETOWN, ABIDJAN, MONROVIA, HARARE, LUSAKA, KAMPALA, NAIROBI, JOHANNESBURG, ETC. 01-734 7181, 734 7182, 734 7183. African World Travel Services, 5th Floor Suite 501, Radnor House, 93-97 Regent Street, London W1.

**JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA.** Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

**TRIED THE REST,** now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911.

**ALGERIAN CITIES & SAHARAN OASES £190**
**23 December-5 January, 1984**
Staying at **Tlemcen** and seeing **Oran, Beni Bahdel Dam, Tafna Gorges,** visiting the **Oases** of **Ain Sefra** and **Tiout** and a socialist village.
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**24 December-1 January**
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**Phone 0484 24269**

**MOSCOW £175 or KIEV £165 by train**
**22 Dec-1 Jan. '84**
Full board at first-class hotel for 5 days
Price includes full sightseeing programme
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by sleeper train, with full board
**COMO, VENICE, LAKE GARDA 21-29 April £125**
and fifty more travel bargains; £3 reduction for pensioners
**YORKSHIRE TOURS**
**49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ - 0484 24269**

# LISTINGS

## FRI 18 NOVEMBER

**LONDON** 'The Marxist Influence on Literature in English' Spkr Walter Perrie (1979 winner of the Gregory Award for Poetry). 7pm. Adm. free (collection). **Marx Memorial Library, 37a Clerkenwell Green, EC1. 01-253 1485.**

## SAT 19 NOVEMBER

**LONDON** 'The Local Struggle'. Day School. Spkr. Peter Hain. Workshops, videos, creche. 10am-5pm Langdon Park School, Byron St, E14. Social 8pm £1/50p unwaged. **Org. Bow and Poplar Labour Party. Details Paul Collins 01-981 6391.**

**LONDON** 'Central America and the Media' Workshops and discn. 10am-5pm Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. £3/£1.50 unwaged. Bring picnic lunch (drinks available). **Details: Quaker Peace & Service. Marigold Best, Latin America Working Group/Pat Saunders, Development Education Officer 01-387 3601.**

**LONDON** 'Education and Repression' – Central America Conf. 10.30am-4.30pm Camden Town Hall. £3/£2 students and unwaged. Creche, lunch. **Org. World University Service, 20 Compton Terr, N1 2UN. 01-226 6747.**

## SUN 20 NOVEMBER

**LONDON** 'Ceilidhe' Night of traditional Irish entertainment in aid of West London branch of Labour Committee on Ireland. 8pm. Venture Centre, Wornington Rd, W11. Bar/light refreshments. Adm. £1. **Details: 01-229 6372.**

**LONDON** 'Legislation in N. Ireland – state repression of political resistance'. Spkrs: Siubhan McNally, Ann Godfrey, Teresa Thornhill. Discn, 4.30pm, A Woman's Place, Hungerford House, Victoria Embankment, WC2. Adm. free. Tea/coffee. All women welcome. **Org. Armagh Co-ordinating Group,** c/o 374 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

**BRIGHTON** 'The Effects of Cuts in Education and Housing' Spkrs Dave Hill, E. Sussex Cllr, Steve Bassam, Brighton Borough Cllr. 3pm Co-operative Hall, London Rd. All welcome. **Org. Brighton & District Co-op Party.**

## MON 21 NOVEMBER

**LONDON** 'Hands off Grenada!' – Imperialism out of Central America. Rally 7.30pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org. Fight Racism! Fight Imperialism! BCM Box 5909, WC1N 3XX.**

**CARDIFF** Workshop and Lecture series – 'Reducing the risk of World War III'. Today 'Opinion poll and survey findings on defence and 'enemy' perceptions' convened by Dr John Gleisner, 4pm, Welsh Centre for International Affairs, Temple of Peace, Cathays Park– **Details: Dr Farrow, Dr Macpherson, Wales Inst. for Peace Development, 56 Mackintosh Pl, Roath. 0222-485567.**

## TUES 22 NOVEMBER

**WIMBLEDON** Public Meeting, Wimbledon Disarmament Coalition. Spkr Dorothy Thompson. 8pm. Adm. Free. Drake House, St Georges Road. **Details: 66 Lambton Rd, SW20 0LE.**

**LETCHWORTH** Book Fair until Sat. 10am-10pm daily. Adm. 25p/10p children. Plinston Hall, The Broadway. **Details: David's Bookshop, 14 Eastcheap, Letchworth, Herts. Letchworth 4631.**

## WED 23 NOVEMBER

**LONDON** 'Who polices the Police?'. Public Meeting 7.30pm Islington Town Hall. Spkrs incl Alan Eastwood (Police Federation), Chris Smith MP, Frank Dobson MP, William Panton (lawyer). **Org. jointly by Islington Police Monitoring Group/Islington Police Sub-committee. Details: Sue Miller, Police Committee Support Unit, 01-226 4488 x 275.**

**LONDON** 'The Trafalgar 9 are innocent – drop the charges now!' Public meeting 7.30pm Conway Hall (Small Hall), Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org. Trafalgar 9 Defence Committee, c/o 22 Brownlow Mews, WC1N 2LA.**

**WARWICK** 'Our experience of the Law' by Greenham Common Peace Camp women. 7.30pm FME Lounge, Social Studies Bldg, University of Warwick. Adm Free. **Details of Lecture series: John Dewar 0203 24011 x 2119.**

## THURS 24 NOVEMBER

**LONDON** 'Disarmament and Human Rights' Spkr E. P. Thompson. 8pm West London Synagogue, 33 Seymour Pl, W1. **Org. JONAH (Jews Organised for a Nuclear Arms Halt).**

**LONDON** 'The Youth Training Scheme: some union and LEA Perspectives' Seminar and discn led by Alan Evans, NUT and Laurie South, Humberside LEA. 5.30pm-7pm Room 3B18, King's College, Strand, WC2. **Org. Politics, Education and Society Seminar Group c/o 836 5454 x 2325.**

## FRI 25 NOVEMBER

**LONDON** 'Research behind PATCH – the localised delivery of Social Services'. Conf. 10am-5pm National Children's Bureau, 8 Wakely St, EC1. £12/£14 non membs. incl. coffee, lunch, tea. **Details: Pat Marsden, Gen. Sec., ARVAC, 26 Queen's Rd, Wivenhoe, Essex C07 9JH. 0206 225344.**

**LONDON** Concert for El Salvador and Chile. incls. Yolocamba I-TA, HighLife International. 7pm Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Tickets £3/£2 unwaged from **ELSSOC, 29 Islington Park St, N1. 01-359 2270.**

## SAT 26 NOVEMBER

**BIRMINGHAM** 'Don't Agonise – Organise!' Campaign skills day school. 10am-5.30pm Guild of Students, Birmingham University, Edgbaston Park Rd, Edgbaston. 021-472 1841 x 37.

**LONDON** 'Peace Through Democracy' Labour Movement Conf. on Ireland. 9.30am Edrich Hall, South Bank Poly, Borough Rd, SE1. Spkrs incl Tony Benn, Ken Livingstone, Clive Soley. £3/£2 observers. **Details: Box 189, 32 Ivor Pl, NW1.**

**SHEFFIELD** Labour Social Security Campaign AGM. 11am-5pm. Trades and Labour Club. Spkr Michael Meacher MP. 'Labour in Power – L/A response to poverty and Labour back to Power'.

**LONDON** 'Issues in the History of the Working-class family' Autumn Conf. of Soc. for the Study of Labour History. 10.30am-5.30pm Latchmere Adult Education Inst., Latchmere Rd, SW11. Adm. free. Creche. **Book by 18 Nov. Details: Eileen Yeo, Sch. of Cultural and Community Studies, University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton.**

**LONDON** 'Men and Childcare', 'Fathers and Fatherhood', 'Gender and Sexuality' – day workshop. 10am-6pm at The Drill Hall, Chenies St, WC1. Adm. £1.50/£1 unwaged. Help for wheelchairs, creche. **Details: Jonathan Rutherford, 40 Thorpedale Rd, N4.**

**LONDON** 'Industry and the bomb' – one day symposium 10am Royal Society of Medicine, 1 Wimpole St, W1. £10/£5 nurses, students, unwaged incls. coffee and lunch. Details: Sir John Whitmore, BIFIS, Southbank House, Black Prince Rd, SE1 7SJ. **Org: Medical Assoc. for Prevention of War.**

**LIVERPOOL** 'Fighting for Irish Freedom' Liverpool Irish Freedom Movement Conf. Liverpool Poly Students Union, Haig Bld. Maryland St, Spkrs. from Ireland and Britain incl. Alan Roberts MP (Bootle). Sessions on Show Trials, Prevention of Terrorism Act. Transport available round the country 10am-5.30pm. Fee £1.50/£1 unwaged. **Details 01-274 3951 IFM. BM IFM, London, WC1N 3XX.**

**LONDON** Irish Folk Night 8pm Hackney Labour and Trades Hall, 96 Dalston La, E8. Adm. £2/50p unwaged. Labour Committee on Ireland. **Details: Mirian James 01-229 6572.**

## FORTHCOMING

**27 NOV** Week begins to focus attention on Central America. 'Nobody's Backyard – what is happening in El Salvador, Nicaragua and Guatemala?' Send SAE to 4 Replingham Rd, London, SW18.

**27 NOV NEWCASTLE** Concert for El Salvador 7.30pm The Guildhall, Quayside. **Tickets £2/£1.25 unwaged from: The Bookhouse, Ridley Place, Days of Hope Bookshop, Newgate Street, Newcastle Side Gallery, the Side. By Post: Peter Brabban, Oxfam, 3rd floor, Bolbec Hall, Westgate Rd. Details: Newcastle 619688/611499 eves.**

*Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.*



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# GROUPS/MEETINGS

**ARE YOU** a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

**BENNY GREEN** on 'Shaw and Wells'. Friday 25 November. Joint meeting of Shaw Society and H. G. Wells Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7 p.m.

**THEOSOPHY:** S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public talk Sunday, 20 Nov., 8 p.m. 'Man Mortal & Immortal'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON** (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The William Townsend Lecture by Mr Richard Rogers, 'The Crisis of Public Space and the Language of Architecture', Thurs. 24 Nov. at 5.30; Inaugural Lecture by Professor Ted Honderich, 'The Mind, Neuroscience, and Life-Hopes', Mon. 28 Nov. at 5.30, Chemistry Auditorium, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon St, WC1.

**CONFRONTATIONS WITH MARX:** debate with Ralph Miliband and Bernard Crick. 23 November, 7.30 p.m. at University of London Union, Malet Street, London, WC1. Organised by the Socialist Society. Details from 9 Poland Street, London, W1. 01-734 8501.

**THE CENTRE FOR ANALYTICAL PSYCHOTHERAPY**
**Public Lecture: Dr W. Falkowski**
**'Psychotherapy for Psychosexual Problems'**
**Monday 28 November 7.30p.m.**
**Westminster Friends Hall, 8 Hop Gardens (beside Lumiere Cinema), St Martin's Lane,**
***Leicester Square tube. £3.50***

**E. P. THOMPSON**
**on Human Rights & Disarmament**
also **COLIN SHINDLER**
on **Soviet Jewry**
Sponsored by JONAH
(Jews Organised for a Nuclear Arms Halt)
**Thurs. 24 November 8pm**
**33 Seymour Place, London W1**
**£1.50 (£1 concessions)**
**Information 01-446 5571**

**CRITIQUE PUBLIC MEETINGS**

**MARXISM & NATIONALISM**
*Baruch Hirson, Alan Freeman*
Duncan Hallas
**Fri. December 2, 7.30pm**

**DECLINE OF BRITAIN; the end of THE LABOUR PARTY?**
James Hinton, Andrew Glynn
G. A. E. Smith
***Fri. January 6, 7.30pm***

**HAS THE WORKING CLASS ANY FUTURE?**
*Michael Kidron, Barry Hindess*
Richard Hyman, Hilel Ticktin
**Fri., February 3, 7.30pm**

**WHAT IS MARXIST ABOUT MARXIST POLITICAL ECONOMY?**
Simon Clarke, Ben Fine
Sue Himmelweit, Hilel Ticktin
***Fri., March 2, 7.30pm***

**THE LIMITS OF LOCAL COUNCIL SOCIALISM**
Robin Murray, Scott Meikle
Other speakers to be announced
**Fri., April 6, 7.30pm**

**Meetings chaired by AHMAD GHOTBI at University of London Union Malet St., London, WC1**

**FABIAN SOCIETY**
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**WINNING THE ARGUMENTS**
*Countering four of the major themes of Thatcherism*
**Monetarist Economic Policy: Attacks on the trade unions**
Wilfred Beckerman, Tony Christopher
**The Welfare State: local democracy**
Brian Abel-Smith, John Stewart
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